

MARONIDES

OR

Virgil Travesty,

Being a new

PARAPHRASE

Upon the Sixth Book of *Virgils*  
*Æneids* in *Burlesque* Verse

By *John Phillips* Gent the Author of  
*the Satyr* against *Hypocrites*.

LONDON,

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To my

ESTEEMED FRIEND

Dr. *Valentine Oldis*

SIR:

**I** Present you with this sixth  
Book of Virgil Travesty.  
And I leave the world to  
determine whether it be not rea-  
son, that he that has caused us so  
often to cry when we were Boys,  
ought not now to make us laugh as  
much now we are men. Our  
School Masters were Æne-  
as our Tayles were Turnus.  
Turnus had the worst on't  
I'mo

## The Epistle Dedicatory

I'me sure then, though now  
he may endeavour to redeem his  
reputation. In my opinion this  
book of Maro is but an entbusi-  
astick piece of Drollery it self; so  
that I have only done him the  
office of a Commentator: only stript  
him out of his old Roman dress,  
and put him into the fashion Ala-  
mode. Is it not the bight of Poetry  
to see Aeneas, the great Champion  
of the World, sent of a fools errand  
to Hell, to consult an Elyfian  
Fortune-teller, who had on Earth  
both the Oracles of Apollo, and  
his own Mother, a Goddess, and a  
cunning Gipsie to boot, to advise  
with about the same affairs? and

as



## The Epistle Dedicatory

as great a piece of unmannerlinesse  
it was for him to bring his well  
bread-gentleman so near Plut'os  
own Mansi-on, and not to carry  
him in to taste of his Majesties  
drink, especially when the famous  
Squire had so fine a present for his  
Lady Proserpina. Sir not to trou-  
ble you with more scruples, beleive  
the truth of what is written at  
the Lower end of the page, as being  
one who has ever had a desire to  
stile himself,

Your humble Servant,

John Phillips

M

V

S

For t  
They  
That

# MARONIDES

O R

## Virgil Travesty:

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LIB. VI.

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**S**uch words the sad *Æneas* spoke ;  
They would have melted heart of oak  
His copious grief ne'r wanted Onions,  
For tears were always his Companions ;  
They were no tears that dropt from goblet,  
That so besmear'd his Princely doublet ;

B

His

His tears were of another fashion,  
The tears of real Lamentation;  
He griev'd for *Palinure* so long,  
That had his Widow been but young,  
She could not have refus'd, I trow,  
The Man that lov'd her Husband so:  
But *Fate*, that good and bad conjobles,  
Playing on back-side of the Tables,  
Checquering his Fortune black and white,  
Now shews him a most lovely sight,  
Th' *Euboic* shore, so near at hand,  
That you may quoite a stone on land;  
For joy they threw their Caps i'th' Sea,  
For we'l ha' better, strait, quo they,  
So loud they did each other welcome,  
*Pool* might ha' heard the noise from *Melcom*;  
That done, they fall to shipping oar,  
Cast Anchor and the Galleys moore;  
The Galleys, with the Spritfail Bow,  
To lee-ward turn'd, lay all a row;

As on the spits you see Hogs-hallets,  
 Or Beads on *Pater noster* bracelets,  
 And now the mad tar pauling Spittles  
 Are all for smoke, or else fresh vittles:  
 Away in mud, up to the knees,  
 They ding a shore. For seeing trees,  
 Quoth they, a Forrest, and if so,  
 By Jove we'll have a brace or two.  
 Some steal Deer, and Keepers beat,  
 And others wood, to roast the meat;  
 Another Gang on all four creeps,  
 Digging for Flints to light their pipes;  
 And if a River they espy,  
 On's water to make drink, they cry.  
 While Pastries made have time to soak,  
 Our *Aeneas* takes a walk;  
 Espies a House, first thought a Lodge,  
 It prov'd a Temple, never budge;  
 Now where now I am, quo he,  
 Apollo's Fane this needs must be;

And not far off is Den of *Sybil*,  
Of which I have heard full many a quibble;  
For by this Den there hangs a tale,  
If Daddy spake not in his ale.  
And something of a moldy verse  
Hath bred a maggot in my A——  
This *Riddle me Riddle me what is this*,  
To visit soon I must not miss;  
'Twill cost at least two full hours time  
To hear her shitten come shites in rhyme.  
This Temple for its outward structure,  
And inside beauty, as I conjecture,  
No Bunken Masons hand did rear,  
Nor was design'd by Welch Surveyor,  
Nor painting done by daubers' prentices  
That spoil Church wals with pious sentences  
But by ingenious *Dedalus*,  
Whom *Alnos* threatning for to truss,  
He soon fix'd wings unto his back,  
And thither fled to save his Neck :

Th'ama

Book VI. *VIRGIL Travels.*

Th'amazed Birds their tayls beshte,  
 They take him for some monstrous Kite.  
 At length at *Cume* he doth alight,  
 And there according to his oath,  
 The Carpenter and Mason both,  
 He built a Temple wondrous fair,  
 Wherein to keep his Wings so rare:  
 Such was their zeal then, hence I gather,  
 Men would build Temples for a feather.  
 Within the Portico, as I remember,  
 Painted in oyl, not in distemper,  
 Murder'd *Androgeus* plainly shews,  
 That those that kill'd him were his Foes.  
 There, like the man that spews up purge,  
 Stands *Minos* clawing with a scourge  
 Faithless *Cecropians* raw buttocks,  
 For giving his Wives Son the pox.  
 Right against them was painted *Creet*,  
 A Tale like this you seldom meet;  
 Nothing a Womans lust can cool,

But Maiden-head of a Young Bull,  
 There the grave Father shews his Trounser  
 And his young Son, the half-veal *Mounseurs*,  
 By Mothers side a Prince at least,  
 But by his Fathers side a Beast ;  
 And yet this Thing, part Man, part Beef,  
 Was well belov'd by *Mino's* Wife :  
 Who as the Picture shew'd to th' life,  
 In Labyrinth, by *Dedals* art,  
 Enjoy'd the Pizle of her Sweet-heart :  
 More Pander he, with such despite,  
 To horn the Royal House of *Creet*.  
 There *Icarus* had been painted too,  
 But Dad for thee was full of wo ;  
 Such was th' affection of his brain,  
 He could not see thee drop again ; (ber,  
 Twice cry'd th' Old-man, while eie did blub-  
 But, when the wax 'gan to unfoder,  
 Down fell his pencil, like his Son,  
 And so the work was left undone.



*Aeneas*, in a deep surprife,  
 Had almost star'd out both his eyes,  
 When grave *Achates* came i'th' nick,  
 And prov'd by dint of Rhetorick,  
 That 'twas an act of Fools and Boyes,  
 Thus to stand gazing upon toyes;  
 When time was precious, and men ought  
 To strike the iron while 'twas hot.  
 Then Lady Abbess *Deiphobe*,  
 (Pinn'd up behind her upper Robe)  
 Seeing the handsome Son of *Venus*,  
 This Lesson gave him, *Ore tenus*.  
 Great Sir, the Lord of many Hectors,  
 Is it for you 'mong toyes and Pictures?  
 You Lord Chief Baron of the *Sages*,  
 Is it for you among I-mages.  
 To think to find a kingdome *Gratis*?  
 Or since to say so much my Fate is,  
 To have a Kingdome drop i' your mouth,  
 While you are wallowing in sloath?

No, no, if you will Kingdoms have,  
You must turn over a new leaf.  
Leave baubles then, like silly Knaves,  
And cut the throats of eight fat Calves,  
And eight fat Sheep, as I give order,  
Of pictures let me hear no further.  
Twas quickly said, and quickly done.  
For all on several errants run,  
*shuh*, then cry'd she, as men drive Turkey  
Driving the *Trojans* down a Stair-case  
Into her lodging all before her,  
There's none resist, for all adore her,  
It was a Dungeon dark and foul,  
Much like the Witch of *Oukey's* hole.  
It had an hundred doors and better,  
For every post brought heav'nly letter  
Wherein the Answers were contain'd,  
For simple cox-comb Mortals fain'd.  
*Aneas* now arriv'd at place,  
Where Cushion rich expects his Grace,

Behold

Behold the time is come, quoth she,  
 That now ye may demand of me ;  
 All on a sudden Visage chang'd,  
 Black in the mouth, like one that's hang'd.  
 A madness seiz'd her, though Divine ;  
 If otherwise, I'le not repine,  
 For 'tis no bread and butter o'mine.  
 Distemper, even such another,  
 Which your Wise women call the Mother ;  
 In this same rage, the hair-brain'd questril  
 Shew'd the foundations of each nostril :  
 Her eyes that well might pass for bright,  
 Appear like charcoles giving light :  
 Her tresses that dishevel'd flow'd,  
 As bigg as knitting-needles shew'd :  
 Her lips besmear'd with foam, I wifs,  
 In bad condition then to kifs :  
 Her voice grew hoarse, and lungs oppress'd,  
 Like Organ bellow's fill'd her breast :  
 In brief, this Old Cœlestial Antick

Seem'd

Seem'd like a person wholly frantick:  
Quoth she, *Aeneas* say your Creed,  
Believe it else we ne'r shall speed ;  
This holy House wo'n't ope one hatch  
To give our prayers the least dispatch.  
Then said *Aeneas*, Mighty Serious,  
Fair Lady Abbess been't so furious.  
O *Phæbus* then, Quo he, whose care  
(Attend with reverence to his prayer )  
To *Ilium* alwayes fair and square,  
When proud *Achilles* laught to scorn  
All men, like him, not shot free born,  
Did so direct young *Paris* dart,  
As through his heel to hit his heart ;  
From many shores and many Seas,  
And people worse than Savages  
Have I escap'd, though shrewdly hatter'd  
Which my lean hopes has somthing butter'd  
Why do I run from place to place,  
And nothing gain in eight years space ?

While

What pleasure can this Country be  
 To one that has it not, like me ;  
 Not like the poor Duke of *Lorrain*,  
 To call that mine, which is not mine.  
 Behold me now arrived here,  
 Not if I miss this place, I swear,  
 Were ye ten times more god, then y<sup>e</sup> are,  
 And whom I love more than I do,  
 Shall not value ye my old shoo.  
 Now then without more Fiddle faddle,  
 Upon the right horse set the saddle.  
 Saving us from further trouble,  
 You'l shew your self a Christian double.  
 Why should ye thus for one mans sake,  
 That onely him did Cuckold make  
 Who well deserv'd it, a meer toy,  
 Trace of Innocents destroy ?  
 He has design'd us a good Land,  
 Why should'st thou pious work withstand ?  
 Troth if I find that be the drift,

I must protest against the gift :  
And therefore, O thou mighty King  
Of Link-boyes all, that rore and sing,  
And thou the Queen of all that use  
Bright Lanthorns to keep clean their shoe  
Now hear my prayers, and wot ye well,  
Ye shall have Temples ding dong Bell,  
Where men shall pray with stipends large,  
At mine, or at some others charge ;  
All queristers of skilful note,  
That sing within Book, not by roat.  
And for you *Madam* skummer-tail,  
That with a word can turn the scale;  
Cajowl rhe Gods, as thou knowest how,  
And thou shalt see, what I shall do ;  
Presents I have of Silkes and Sattins,  
A Coach and Horfes to save pattins,  
Cupboards of Plate, and eke more mony,  
Then thou know'st how to spend, my Hony  
But do not speak to me in Riddles,

ate such damn'd confounded wheedles:  
 at write in velum all thy lurry;  
 Roman hand or Secretary.  
 r, like a Ballad, make it so,  
 o tune of *Fortune is my Foe*.  
 hus pray'd *Aeneas* till their heads ake;  
 hen Virgin play'd the Devil for God-sake:  
 he churm'd with head and eke with bum  
 o make the sacred Oracle come.  
 length the hundred gates flew open,  
 nd words like these were strangely spoken  
 eat Captain of the *Trojan* host,  
 pon the Sea so lately tost;  
 s Villain Waves, with cruel thumps,  
 ave often put thee to thy trumps:  
 o will the land, as basely cross,  
 With thy sweet meat mix sowre sauce:  
 he land is thine as sure as Gun,  
 ut thou shalt swear of Oaths a Tun,  
 e thou hast peace, and curse all those,  
 That

That sent thee 'gainst such rugged Foes,  
Many a rap on pate full rough,  
Many a flash quite through thy buff,  
In skin full many a button-hole,  
And memory chaf'd behind the pole,  
Shall let thee understand that Roses  
Can prick as well as please the Noses.  
Wars, horrid Wars I see, and *Tyber*  
With humane blood full ten times wider,  
Like *Xantbus*, she for shame not blushes,  
But for the blood, that daily gushes.  
*A new Achilles* born of Goddess  
You there shall find to bump your bodies:  
Your old Friend *Juno* full of rancour,  
Shall never fail ye with a Twanker,  
For ye ne're knew a monied Whore  
Without her *Heftors* halfe a score.  
And thus reduc'd to low estate,  
Here thou shalt beg, and there entreat,  
But succour get the Devil a bit.

And



and ſtill the ſelf ſame cauſe of all  
 another beardleſs *Animal*,  
 mean a Woman full of rage ;  
 another fatal marriage.  
 be thou bold, as *Bayard*, ſtill  
 ſpight of all the Devils in Hell,  
 y enemies cake ſhall all be dough,  
 e very *Greeks* that brought thee low,  
 om Prince not to be worth a farthing,  
 all be the firſt for thee jeo-parding.  
 is ſtrange you'l ſay, but yet I do  
 ſure you though 'tis ſtrange, 'tis true.  
 es: and thus the grey muſtacho'd *Sybil*  
 me to the end of dubious riddle.  
 en quoth *Aeneas* I'le be hang'd,  
 he her ſelf this underſtand ;  
 of her toothleſs chaps for me ,  
 n't ſhe ſpeak ſenſe, tho words ben't free?  
 Devil came in, ſo he went out,  
 in ſhe made a diſmal rout,

Teaz'd

Teaz'd by familiar Diabolic.

Like Mortals pepper'd with the cholick :

*Aneas* curs'd him, and his message,

For by the stink, he gest his passage.

so soon as Fury gan abate,

*Aneas* he renews his prate.

Quo he, good Virgin, leave your bounces,

Speak you, or let me speak four ounces :

No sooner said, when she forsooth

Lets a great fart full in his mouth ;

The sound was heard above a mile,

Which forc'd him under hat to smile.

And then with countenance grave & stay

He thus bespoke the ancient Maid :

The dangers that you have declar'd,

With gentile patience I have heard ;

But what care I, let more be stir'd,

I value them not worth a t——

One thing I beg of you to grant,

That's by your courteous means, good An

To go and come, sound as a Bell,  
 And view that hideous place, call'd *Hell*;  
 And for to see my Lord, my Father,  
 Of *Trojan* flock once chief Bell-weather.  
 For scarce without your helping hand,  
 Would I embark in that *Dutch* Land,  
 And yet to see my Dad *Anchises*,  
 I'd venture without Shirt or Breeches,  
 Through many a Pike, and many a Dart,  
 Although I ran the Gauntlet for't;  
 And yet I don't much like the sport.  
 When Fire did our poor City sack,  
 I took him up upon my back,  
 Not suffering danger to come nigh us,  
 From whence I got the name of *Pius*:  
 For which good man in recompence,  
 He still has follow'd me ere since,  
 Alive or dead, I thank his Grace,  
 He ne're would leave my sleeping place:  
 Like faithfull Dog, still at the heels

Of Master, whose support he feels :  
 He told me that without you are nigh,  
 I shall but make a fruitless journey,  
 That I shall find of smoaky Court,  
 Like Misers door, fast barr'd the Port,  
 In pitty of my quality,  
 Let *Cerberus* your friendship see,  
 Least worse than Dog of Tanner he  
 With greedy fury seize a shin,  
 Or tear my doublet from my skin,  
 If *Orpheus*, but a Ballad-Singer,  
 Onely, but holding up his finger,  
 That Dotard *Charon* could intoxi-  
 Cate and bring away his Doxy,  
 If bold *Alcides* made 'm quake,  
 If *Theseus*, *Pollux*, had the knack,  
 If indeed ev'ry Saucy Jack,  
 Could when he would his friend bring back  
 Why should not I, of Gods descended,  
 Be more than such Paltrons befrended.

The fairer *Venus* did me bear ;  
 And sure I can more safely swear ,  
 For one so known to be my Mother,  
 Then any o'them swear for their Father.  
 Y'have heard, what Great *Aeneas* said,  
 Now hear, I pray, what she reply'd.  
 The Ancient Jade all turd, all honey,  
 Touching his eyes, that lookt so bonny,  
 Darling of *Venus*, may it please ye,  
 The way to Hell is very easie,  
 Any may go that pains will take ;  
 But the main thing is to get back.  
 Few men by gods though lov'd as dearly,  
 As men themselves love juice of Barly ;  
 Though they came out of *Jove's* own Twist,  
 Or from a Goddess engine pist,  
 That go to Hell in taunting scorn,  
 Have cause to brag of their return.  
 In those vaste Regions Woods are seen,  
 With Leavs all sooty black, not green,

Environ'd with a hideous Lake,  
 Whose water no good drink will make;  
 There's not a Brewer will live night;  
 This Lake it is *Cocytus* hight.  
 Yet notwithstanding my Assertion,  
 If you admit of no Coertion,  
 Though give me leave to tell you true,  
 I never met a fool like you;  
 And better 'twere, I further tell ye,  
 To burn what hangs below your belly:  
 And this is faithful wholesome Counsel,  
 Which I'de ne're take from any Dunce ill;  
 I say if yet your fingers itch,  
 To visit *Charon's* filthy Ditch,  
 There is an Apple-tree, whose Fruit  
 Wou'd, if they knew how to come to't,  
 Fit rarely well your *Neat-house* Gardens,  
 Where fools give Crowns apiece for War;  
 This tree within a wood lies hid, (dense  
 Where you may see as well at Mid---

Night

Night as at noon, without a Lanthorn ;  
 Nor will a Lanthorn do a mans turn,  
 Unless it have a lighted Candle ;  
 Both Branch and Fruit are Gold to trondle.  
 It now grows chiefly in *Pernu*,  
 And in some other parts a few.  
 Infernal *Juno*, *Pluto's* Wife,  
 This fruit loves rather then her life ;  
 By her good will she'l eat no other,  
 A costly Quean, just like her Mother ;  
 Give her *Boon Chrestiens*, and she'l fart,  
 Give her but this, you win her heart.  
 If any fool without this goes,  
 Streight *Cerberus* pulls him by the nose.  
 Make no more words, if brains be'nt supple,  
 Go presently and find this Apple :  
 Use both your eyes, as you would see  
 A Needle in a Bottle of Hey.  
 It all depends upon good luck ;  
 For if you are by her forsook,

Faith you may look til eyes drop out.  
 But if the favour you this bout,  
 You'll find it just before your eyes,  
 And gather fruit with as much ease,  
 As nimble finger'd Maid's catch Fleas ;  
 But first of all I you advise,  
 To bury Friend, that stinking lies,  
 And if he lies unburied long,  
 Will Fleet infect, he smells so strong ;  
 His heavy soul is much dejected,  
 To see his body so neglected.  
 Who knows what injury his pray'rs,  
 May bring to your ill fix'd affairs :  
 Go therefore, and appease his Ghost,  
 'Tis but a Sheep or two at most ;  
 And judge you now what fooles those are,  
 Will lose a Hog for a ha'p'orth o' tar,  
 Or for an *Ora jam pro nobis*,  
 Which may produce *pax esto vobis*.  
*Aeneas* gave her no reply,



For he was ready just to die;  
 The death of Friend did now so grieve him,  
 'Twas past all Brandy to relieve him,  
 And partly care of *golden bow*;  
 A purchase he no more knew how,  
 Just at the instant, for to make,  
 Then carry Churches on his back.  
 His head thus laden with a peck  
 Of troubles, like to break his neck,  
 He quits the Den, like man of grief  
 Coming from Fun'ral of his Wife:  
 He bit his Flesh, and cusp his brain,  
 That such bad Guests did entertain.  
*Achates* followed him at heels;  
 And findes how he his lot bewailes.  
 What a pox ailes the man, quo he,  
 Was ever such a Sot as thee?  
 Was ever man so plagu'd as I?  
 Then quoth *Achates*, pray Sir why?  
 Th'are riddles all y'speak to me.

I know no cause, nor none I see,  
 With that his finger doth decipher  
 Where lay *Misennus* his Bag-piper ;  
 Or speech or motion had he none,  
 And which is worse his life was gone ;  
 Which was the reason, though well bred,  
 He now saluted 'um, being dead,  
 The Son of *Eolus*, or rather  
 Old *Eolus* was his own Father,  
 He knew full well to fill a Sackbutt,  
 And he could whistle like a Black-bird ;  
 He'd trumpet with a Tooth-pick case,  
 Holding a Mouth-piece in disgrace.  
*Hector* he us'd to found asleep,  
 Who gave him three half crowns *per week*,  
 And once a year a Coat with sleeves.  
 He being gone where *Old Nick* lives,  
*Aeneas* streightways him prefer'd  
 Chief Trumpeter to his Lifeguard,  
 With yearly pay, an hundred Franks,

*De mortuis  
 nil nisi bo-  
 num.*

Boots,

boots, Shooes, and Coat, and many thanks;  
 besides for curing Gallic sores,  
 he paid his Potheccaries scores.  
 Better h'had been a Kennel-raker,  
 Then such an exquisite noise-maker;  
 For while he dares the *Tritons* grim,  
 To tryal of their skill with him,  
 While they heard his Roundelays,  
 But fearing he would get the praise;  
 Among the rest one with a hook  
 Pull'd him down headlong from the Rock;  
 So there, quo *Triton*, with a wannion,  
 Art thou for *Demigods* Companion?  
 They laid him out upon the shore,  
 Wee'l have burnt Wine, if nothing more;  
 For Ribons and for mourning Rings,  
 Spare us dear soul, w'have no such things:  
 Thus said *Aeneas* without Leeks,  
 Bathing in tears his rosie Cheeks;  
 Are these your reasons, quoth *Achates*?

The

The Devil take your reasons *gratis* :  
 Then out they went for food, and faggots  
 To burn *Misennus* and his Maggots :  
 No Woodman never work'd so hard,  
 As did *Æneas* with hal-bard.  
 Down went the underwoods and bushes,  
 As *Jove* had sent 'em 'gainst the Thrushes ;  
 The Captains fingers twisted Bavins,  
 As fast as Wenchies rattle bobbins.  
 Nor were the *Latins* then in haste ,  
 To bring their actions for the waste.  
 All things thus finish'd that were proper,  
 As 'twas but time, they went to supper.  
*Æneas* that had well digested ;  
 (For doubtless meat was soundly roasted,  
 In all this time so vainly wasted )  
 But that which now in stomach rose,  
 Was that which ne'r came there, God knows  
 A certain *bow* lay thwart his maw ,  
 Far worse, than had the meat been raw.

Now, quoth he, would Witch be kind,  
 And shew me where this *bow* to find,  
 For hang her whore, I must believe her,  
 (If *scennus* shew'd she's no deceiver)  
 Now could I dance without a Fiddle;  
 All troubles banish'd from my noddle;  
 As jocund then as Elder Brother,  
 For death of the old Hunks his Father;  
 He had no sooner spoke the words,  
 But lo, just at his nose, two Birds?  
 Pigeons they were with golden wings,  
 Oh how he capers then, and sings,  
 For well he knew, by their *crown-co's*,  
 They were his Mothers pritty Crows.  
 Then did he out of bosome pull,  
 A silken bag of tares top ful;  
 You think I lie, and story slight,  
 But such it seems was his foresight,  
 That never without tares he went.  
 And now the birds to compliment,

*Toni,*

*Tom, Tom* he cryes, and scatter'd tares,

*He us'd to  
rob their  
Nests when  
he was  
young.*

But Birds were shie and full of fears :

And therefore since they slight his tares,

*Oliver*-like he falls to 's Prayers ;

My pretty Pigsnie Doves, quo he,

Who need no legs, because ye flee ;

If y'are my Mothers, sure I am

Y'are both well bred, both Pidgeons tame

Then as y'ate Turtles without guile,

Now help a lame Dog o're the stile :

Shew me but how to find this Codling,

For which my addle brains are mudling,

( Would it were mine in shitten clout )

I shall be gratefull without doubt,

And give you for your kind dispatches

Your full demands in Pease, or Vetches :

Or if you'l have of both, ye shall,

Of each a Bushel at a meal.

Prayers being done, the Pidgeons flew,

Which made *Aeneas* nose look blew :

After

After he skips it, in his Pumps,  
 Eyes always fix'd upon their Rumps;  
 On Heav'n so much he star'd, and scorn'd  
 The Earth, that while a stone he spurn'd,  
 The scorned Earth tript up his toes,  
 And laid him sprawling on his nose;  
 The thirst for Gold that he was in,  
 Suffer'd him not to mind his skin,  
 For streight ere Cat can lick her ear,  
 He's up again at's old carriere.  
 The Turtles now approach'd the Pond,  
 (For still by flying they got ground)  
 Or rather horrid Lake *Avernus*;  
 Quo they, This Lake doth not concern us;  
 From Devils Arse in *Darby* Peak,  
 So strong a breath so hot did reak,  
 Which cause it stank like any Tombstone,  
 Was still perfum'd with flow'r of Brimstone)  
 That Turtles us'd to *Venus* Chamber,  
 Could not endure the Devils Amber;

And

And therefore safely, to their wish,  
Got over Satans Chafing-dish,  
O'th'other side the *Devils Ditch*,  
Within a place, within the which,  
This Brain confounding Tree did grow,  
They perch'd upon a golden bow,  
So runs the Man to take up *Pheasant*,  
When Fowling-piece has hit his wezand,  
As runs *Aeneas*, streatching sinews  
For Pipin worth some twenty Guineys.  
Now *Virgil*, like a Whelp and Bacon,  
This fruit unto a Gum doth liken,  
A Gum in colour much like Saffron,  
The similes not fit to vapour on,  
Chiefly for him, that so well knew,  
*Sol* would have lent him Ray or two;  
That *Phæbe* was not so much worn,  
But that she could have spar'd a horn.  
Never was money-bag by *Audeley*,  
As was this Pipin, seiz'd so rudely.

Never



ever did Infants with more joy,  
 from parents hand snatch *Bart'mew* toy.  
 And as they run to shew next friend,  
 he runs he to *Cumean* Fiend.  
 While he was prosecuting Wheedle,  
 the *Trojans* were by no means idle.  
 Bedding whole Tankards *supernaculum*,  
 burnt wine tears, o'r good-man *What-ye-*  
 mean the Trumpeter *Misenus*, (*cal-him*,  
 whom *Virgil* once more doth confine us.  
 With red rose water they had wash'd  
 his skin with the salt waves bedash'd.  
 And had trimm'd him like a water Spaniel,  
 And wrapt the body up in Flannel,  
 According to the true intent  
 of *Trojan* Act of Parliament,  
 bawdy Batchelour of Art,  
 his Fun'ral Sermon preach'd by heart;  
 little he in book was seen look,  
 scarcely read his text within book.

His

His Pall was born by six brave *Hero's*,  
As right as e're top'd at *Frank Verò's*.  
Five Herald-Painters had been scraping  
The morn before, for Scutcheon making.  
But money's short, *Æneas* cry'd,  
Else one had surely been employ'd :  
*Æneas*, charitable He  
Did never spare, when Fobb ran free ;  
And now to 's pow'r, shew'd very well  
That he could bury, as well as kill.  
Then th'odorous offerings of his friends  
( 'Twas all the Tarr which they could scrap  
From the Ship sides, and every Rope )  
Was thrown among the firebrands ;  
For Rhime as well as Sence, I wis,  
Admits of a Parenthesis.  
The sacred Reliques, piping hot,  
*Chorine* clos'd in brazen pot :  
Cooling the heat, before or after,  
With gilt Bayes dipt in Holy-water.

And then the fatal fire to quench,  
 With tankards full their Lungs they drench.  
 Pious *Aeneas*, who ne're shall  
 Claw off that name while's Cap's of wool,  
 As he was wont, all in a hurry  
 Made him a Tomb like hill *Silbury* :  
 And lest occasion he might have  
 To use 'um afterwards in's Grave,  
 Sets by him the old Fudling noggin,  
 Wherein his Nose was always jogging ;  
 Two bales of Fulhams low and high,  
 Tobacco, Pipes, and good Sher--ry :  
 His Trumpet, and his Armes so bright,  
 And Tinderbox to strike a light.  
 Then made the Mount to bear his name,  
 Even *Misenus* ; Man of fame,  
 To make a hillock, more then wonder,  
 Near that a top, was buried under.  
 Having perform'd these Ceremonies,  
 Takes his leave of all his Cronies ;

And D Intending

Intending now to visit Devil,  
By order of *Cumean Sybil*;  
A Den there was, whate're's becom on't,  
Or whatsoe're is now ith' room on't:  
A hideous, horrid, hateful Cell,  
The Gullet of that Monster, *Hell*;  
A Sarazens mouth was nothing to't,  
'Twould swallow mouth and head to boot,  
At th'end of which a filthy maw,  
Whose food was always Mans flesh raw;  
Which all o'recharg'd and surfeted  
With the Corruptions of the dead,  
With Belches thick and pestilent  
So well perfum'd the Element,  
That not a Bird which thither flew,  
Or sought to make its passage through,  
But with a sudden Meagrim took,  
Fell down into the fatal Brook:  
For with a Brook, or rather Lake,  
'Twas ditch'd about, whose waters black

Bred only poy's'nous Efts and Toads;  
 'Twas hedg'd about with gloomy Woods;  
 Which spreading root where waters flow'd,  
 Like Forrests in the Sea they show'd.  
 The air within, so sayes the story,  
 Was like a Syrup, thick and glory,  
 Which with a poy's'nous dew besmear'd  
 Th' Infernal *Barathrum's* black guard.  
*Eneas*, who for his own ends  
 Was always making Gods his friends,  
 (For he that will be good Stat-holder,  
 Must be Divine as well as Souldier )  
 Before the mouth of dismal hole  
 Three Heifers brought, as black as coal :  
 A Trooper these, half Priest, half Barber,  
 With Backsword than a Razor sharper,  
 And Wash-ball shav'd, twixt lugg and lugg,  
 Which made 'um look more gent & smugg.  
 They were not trimm'd, to go to Play,  
 Nor see their Mistresses that day ;

But t'have their throats cut, while in Tray  
The bloody stream pours life away.

*Aeneas* in his zeal so hot,

With Sword or Skean, it matters not,  
Of curled Spaniels with black hair,  
Instead of black Sheep, kills a pair :  
For there are two things most an end,  
Love and Devotion, very blind.

To *Hecate* were Heifers slain,

Of Heav'n and Hell She-Soveraign,  
While Priest invoking Tawny wench,  
Mumbled his Pray'rs in *Pedlars French*.

The Spaniels kill'd by over-sight,  
One he presents to Madam *Night* ;

The other to her Sister *Tellus* :

And fearing she should have the yellows,  
( For Goddesses and Parsons Wives,  
Mind their punctilio's more than lives )

To *Proserpine* a little after

He gives black *Taurus* only Daughter,

Who

Who though she had been Bull'd long since,  
 Had neither Calf, nor yet Mischance;  
 For women then, for all their freaks,  
 Lov'd bellies better than their backs;  
 There were no two Exchanges then,  
 That women made, by marring men,  
 Else Marrow-bones and Brisket-Beef  
 Had been poor toys for *Pluto's* Wife.  
*Pluto* whose turn must next be serv'd,  
 So long the rule has been observ'd  
 To please the women first, and then  
 By their assistance please the men:  
 Had *Puritan* ne'er learnt this Lecture,  
 Old *Nol* had never been Protector.  
 But why, *Aeneas*, why so civil?  
 What Cloth and Napkin for the Devil?  
 Quo he, there's none great things must han-  
 If they can't hold the Devil a Candle. (dle,  
 That many ha' done; then why not I  
 Hold Trencher to his Sov'raignty?

Who

There's nothing lost by flatt'ring Prince,  
By double double-diligence.  
The Devil in *Cuerpo* set to dinner,  
They set before *Grand-Visier* sinner,  
All the Beasts Entrails wash'd but meanly;  
For they were more devout than cleanly:  
Yet lest his appetite should fail,  
They gave him Mustard, and Train Oyl.  
*Aeneas* tamely Trencher shifts,  
Adding observance to his Guifts.  
*Pluto*, the Devil and all at Tripe,  
Layes on, like man that beats his Wife:  
But having fill'd ungodly gut,  
The crouded wind seeks passage out;  
So loud a thundring Fart broke forth,  
As shook foundations of the Earth,  
*Avernus* yells, the Mountains amble,  
The Ocean roars, and Forrests tremble;  
The Tanners Dogs they fall a howling,  
And *Trojan* Peers their Hose befowling.



It seems the Devils Wind-musick playd,  
 Tousher in *Cumæan* Maid ;  
 For soon as his Recorder stopt,  
 Like Wolf in Fable, in she popt.  
 Be gon, ye Sons o' whores, quo she,  
 That credit neither *Jove*, nor me :  
 Get ye from hence, e'en to *Bengall*,  
 Or else the Devil confound ye all ;  
 For you, Sir Knight, draw forth kills-a-dog,  
 And get ye gon to House of *Magog* :  
 Pull courage up without brown studying,  
 And boldly stand to thy pan-pudding.  
 This said, as mad as Hare in *March*,  
 She flung within the dismal Arch.  
*Eneas* now o're shoos o're boots,  
 One leg before another puts,  
 Where he could not see for his guts :  
 In one hand holding trusty Sword,  
 Either for *snick* or *snee* prepar'd ;  
 With t'other, Witch by Petticoat.

Great *Hogen Mogens*, (thus said *Maro*,  
 Praying for himself, and not for *Hero*)  
 That in Hells *Belgick* Provinces  
 Put human Souls in Little ease;  
 To talk and prate, now grant me wit,  
*Quicquid in Buccam venerit*;  
 Strange hidden myst'ries to unlock,  
 And stories of a Bull and Cock;  
 And to relate, though not in Non-sense,  
 A story fouler far than *Johnsons*.  
 If any one denyes that this  
 Is *Virgils* meaning, let him kiss ——  
*Æneas*, as before I said,  
 By Wastcoat held *Cumean* Maid.  
 The *Hero* made not too much haste,  
 For well he knew, that haste makes waste.  
 His tayl between his legs he claps;  
 His splay-feet make *Iambic* steps:  
 Sometimes he treads on Witches heels,  
 Which made her curse his Sparables:

Sometimes he makes, for she was tall,  
With Nose in Arse, a demi-fall.  
*Virgil*, no Christian, but a Sarazen,  
Brings here a Heathenish Comparison,  
Saying they wander'd without light,  
Like men that wander in the Night ;  
Through Woods and Forrests up and down  
By light uncertain of New Moon ;  
Which she, more dark to render, shrouds  
In a black Visor-masque of Clouds ;  
While Pitchie night so hoodwinks eyes,  
They can't distinguish wood from trees.  
Though some that in these latter times  
*Virgil* out-wit for sence and Rhimes,  
Say he would have done better far  
With Candle and Extinguisher :  
But had he took the snuff to boot,  
In socket seeming sometimes out,  
Then briskly darting forth a flame  
More glorious than *Æneas* fame,

H'had

H'had surely been *Poetarum summus*,  
 Beyond the claws of drolling *Momus* ;  
 But whether it were dark or light,  
 What's that to you, so they went right.  
 No sooner Witch and her Companion  
 The cold Infernal *Transilvanian*  
 Kingdom approach'd, but there he saw  
 Sorrow, as pale as Oaten straw ;  
 Attended by a thousand *Cares*,  
 That streight came buzzing 'bout his ears :  
 They in their eyes all holding fingers,  
 Star'd up like Bucks beholding Strangers.  
 Next, *Death* and *Sleep* at tables end,  
 With face 'twixt folded elbows lean'd,  
 Sate snoaring loud as City Watchmen.  
*Diseases* more then *Jews* or *Dutchmen*,  
 Had next to these a wide Partition,  
 Within the Regions of Perdition.  
 Among the rest *French Gonorrhea's*,  
 Were very courteous to *Aeneas*.

*Eneas* pull'd Hat o're his eyes,  
 afraid of their discoveries.  
 The next they met with, were the Souls  
 Of doting, ill-tongu'd, babling Fools,  
 by *Leachery* to *Age* conducted,  
 Whom *Fear* with weak support protected.  
*War*, *Want* and *Hunger* lead; both these  
 Will make men swear the Moon's green Cheese;  
 or, for bad Counsel th'have no fellows,  
 Friends unto none but to the Gallows.  
 Both *Hero* then, Dear honey Witch,  
 Scratch methinks where't does not itch.  
 With that she shew'd him hairie Crupper,  
 A drowfie beetle-headed *Sopor*,  
 And dreadfull *Toy'e*, as you may conster,  
 Uglier than *Serini's* Monster.  
 With these a many dismal dozens  
 Of Mothers, Fathers, Uncles, Cousins;  
 Hypocrites transform'd, that thought  
 By mouths and faces Heav'n had bought;  
 That

That outward Saint, and Devil within,  
 Was th'only Fullers-earth for sin;  
 That *Durant's* Wash-balls could not scow  
 Like Malice steep'd in a long Pray'r.  
 Thousands of *Amorous-Billet-Carriers*,  
*Cupids* Fox-dogs, or rather Terriers;  
 Deep *Orange Molls*, and Midwives Deputies  
 That for the Love-sick ne're want remedie  
 My *Ladies Secret-keepers*, Maids  
 In shew, but over-ridden Jades.  
 Both ends exhaling just alike,  
 Like Porters foul Tobacco-pipe.  
 Proud *Pedants*, old *Arse-whipping Dunces*,  
 That nothing know but make great bounce  
 Great *Thieves* that hang the little ones;  
 And *Dice-makers of Debtors bones*.  
 She brought him then into the Sties  
 Of Grisly black *Enmenides*:  
 Whose Snakie Curles, and Viper-wiggs  
 Had *Bastwick* worn, 't had sav'd his luggs:

Where

Where *Discord* lay, with *Dane*-red hair;  
 Such sights were ne're at *Southmark* Fair.  
 A little farther stood a tree,  
 If you and *Rider* can agree,  
 A perfect Elm, whose Fruit exotick  
 Were only dreams of wild Fanatick;  
 Of hair-brain'd Sects Enthusiasms,  
 Disturbing-Church-and-State Fantasms:  
 The Fruit was *Chymist* idle trash,  
 With *Lockiers Pills*, and *Trigs Hog-wash*:  
 The Gums within for all things mighty,  
 Spirit of Salt, and 'lixar Vita.  
 For *Berries* it was wondrous happy,  
 For of the *Berries* men make *Coffee*.  
 Under the Branches, wot ye well,  
 When it rains Dogs and Cats in Hell,  
 The shelter'd *Centaur*s roar and yell;  
 Mounted on Monkeys, with their tayls  
 As closely shav'd as back of nayls.  
 Of *Dragons* a most hideous Rout,  
 Whose

Whose teeth like Lyons whelps hung out  
 Three headed *Geryon's* horrid Race,  
 With every one a Serjeants face.  
 Fierce *Gryphons* all with armed gumms,  
 More terrible than Sheriffs *Bumms*.  
 Gigantic *Jaylors*, men of Fury,  
*Briarean Turnkeys*, Heav'n secure ye.  
 Of strange *Chimera's* infinite shoals,  
 With *Gorgons heads* upon their tools.  
 Of *Harpyes*, or of *Scolding Whores*,  
 Some twenty thousand thousand scores.  
 These villanous Countenances there  
 Made bold *Aeneas* piss for fear.  
 He laid his hand upon his hilt,  
 And on his brows pulls down his Felt;  
 Defend me now, quo he, dear Hanger:  
 But *Patient Grisel* stops his anger;  
 My Friend, quo she, these Hobady-boodie  
 Are but fantastick, airie bodies,  
 Not to be slic'd like reaking Capon,



And therefore Son put up your weapon.  
 His rage for this was much the stronger,  
 Though some believ'd, 'twas rather hunger.  
 Quo he, now finding Victuals proper,  
 We have a *Gorgon's* head to Supper;  
 With that he strook so fell a blow,  
 That had he hit, I know what I know.  
 But having miss'd, his Princely nose  
 Lay equal with his Princely toes.  
 At *Sybils* feet there lay *Aeneas*,  
 Lolling like ten *Penthesilea's*.  
 What means, quo he, my curst Steel,  
 That I that strook, the blow must feel?  
 The *Sybil* with amazement shrieks,  
 Same take, quo she, your hair-brain'd tricks,  
 'Tis well y'have got a good Protection;  
 Else you might find a worse Correction.  
 Quo he, I crave your pardon Madam,  
 I know my length now to a fadom;  
 For he, compounded, *mente sana*,

Of Fury and of Patience, *Ana*,  
Misfortune knew as well to flatter,  
As with reproaches to bespatter.  
Quo he, 'tis well it is no worse,  
They that want Coyn, must shitt in purse.  
This brunt thus over, they pass on,  
To gloomy banks of *Acheron*.  
The mud that little pleas'd their noses,  
Smelt neither Jelsomines nor Roses.  
The reason why you do not hear,  
Th' had any mind to angle there.  
To this sweet stream belongs a Ferry,  
One *Charon* Master of the Wherry :  
A beast of a most pleasant structure,  
As by his shape you may conjecture.  
His visage rustie Pot-hooks hew,  
Was neither black, nor brown, nor blew.  
He wants no mirrour when he dresses,  
But when he kembs his matted Tresses,  
He only uses stead of Comb,

His four great fingers and his thumb,  
Sometimes bedaub'd with wiping Bum.  
The sweat that drops from brows so bestial,  
His Beard receives with joy Celestial.  
A Coco Nut like thread within,  
Without cream'd over like a skin :  
Which like a Leather Bottle hangs  
Down to his breast from place of Fangs.  
Instead of Girdle, round his reins  
A Linsley-woolsey Gown he chains :  
He's lean, but strong as *Hercules* ;  
(For Gods are always what they please )  
There's ne're a Gally-slave in *Sally*,  
When Pizzle notches back like Tally,  
That pulls so strong, nor works so hard ;  
Yet nor for fear, nor yet reward.  
Millions of Souls early and late,  
Continually at Ferry wait ;  
Poor Souls that having bodies lost,  
Look like shorn Squires in Blankets tost,

H

E

Or

Or poor Whores pumpt in time of Frost.  
 Higgledie piggledie, Whore and Chast,  
 The Miser and the man of Wast;  
 The Atheist and the Puritan,  
 The Beggar and the Gentleman;  
 The frolick Slut, and wilfull Maid,  
 With strings and collars Apes to lead.  
 Have you e're seen in month *December*,  
 ( I am deceiv'd, 'tis in *November* )  
 The wither'd Leaves how thick they lie,  
 Cov'ring the Fields both far and nigh.  
 Or have you e're in Summer seen  
 The swarms of Flyes both black and green  
 I think if any would but count 'um,  
 The falling leaves would not surmount 'um  
 Or like the shoals of Teals and Ducks,  
 In Winter haunting Streams and Brooks:  
 Of *smiles*, here you see's a feast,  
 And therefore take which you like best.  
 For even so the Souls do throng

To *Ach'ron*, day and all night long.  
 For know at *Charons Temple-stairs*  
 'Tis always *Term*, and store of *Fairs*.  
 Were all that damn'd noise-making croud  
 But there, they need not bawl so loud  
*Next Oars, next Sculler*, happy He  
 Could get a Boat for his money. (knows  
 But this same cross-grain'd Rogue, that  
 There's ne're a Boat but what he owes,  
 Seeing 'um come as thick as Hops,  
 He hunches some, and some he flops,  
 Not caring where his Stretcher lights;  
 The more they beg, the more he slights:  
 And more then that, there he must stand  
 Were he the best Lord in the Land.  
*Eneas* though he could not ease 'um,  
 Of *tantum croudum, tantum pressum*,  
 Quoth he, Fair Dame what is the meaning?  
 Quoth she, all froppish terms refraining,  
 All these that here your Worship sees,

Are such as could not pay their Fees  
 To Clark nor Priest, nor Bell to toll,  
 And so were thrown in any hole :  
 Poor Souldiers that in flying Tombs,  
 Lye buried in the Vultures wombs.  
 Others were murder'd, some devour'd,  
 By Wolves and Tigers over-power'd ;  
 And all that for these many Lusters  
 To feed the Whales have gon in Clusters :  
 And all that having hither strayd,  
 Their Earthly reck'nings left unpaid.  
 But chiefly, those were carry'd to Church,  
 Leaving their Sureties in the lurch.  
 These are to have no rest in Hell,  
 Till it on Earth with Bones be well.  
 They must attend a hundred years,  
 With Chatt'ring teeth, and Frozen ears:  
 Like More-hens and Didappers hid,  
 On shores of *styx* they must abide ;  
 That *styx* so fam'd by All the Nine,

*Hell's Danow*, or th'*Infernal Rhine* :  
 By which the God that idly swears,  
 Is Pillory'd and forfeits ears.  
 How Gods became so superstitious,  
 And Devils carefull of the vitious,  
 Or rather to their bones propitious,  
 You may go ask those Poaking Criticks,  
 That search Close-stools of Metaphysicks.  
 These things thus laid in *Hero's* dish,  
*Eneas* stood, mute as a Fish :  
 Like Merchant damp't with sudden loss.  
 Then making more then one large Cross,  
 His wonted Zeal recovering heat )  
 Quo he, this Penance is too great,  
 And with the Devil's leave unjust ;  
 Or who'd not rather bones and dust  
 Should in a good warm Coffin lie,  
 Than be expos'd to open skie ?  
 At what cares he what Laws he makes  
 For others, that himself all breaks ?

*Hell*

As thus he'd needs, not knowing why,  
 Put finger in the Devils pyc,  
 'Twixt rage and pity, mild and waspish,  
 He spies *Orontes* and *Licaspis* ;  
 Not more concern'd for loss of Lives,  
 Then loss of Hells Prerogatives :  
 Both drown'd at Sea, and by that flaw,  
 Within the lash of Satans Law.  
 To see such Friends was no small grief,  
 And he was searching for relief ;  
 But ere he well could rommage Fobb,  
 His grief receives another bobb :  
 For just at hand see *Palinurus*,  
 Shrugging his shoulders, Heav'n secure us,  
 All o're bedaub'd with mud and gravel,  
 With nothing rampant near his Navel.  
 Dear Friend, quo he, what mak'st thou here ?  
 And art thou too a sufferer ?  
 Has *Phæbus* thus turn'd Cat in Pan ?  
 Yet late he told me, Perjur'd man !

That



That thou wert safe as Thief in Mill,  
 And brisk in Seas as Conger Eel;  
 Should'st in a while arrive again  
 With us in Fields *Ansonian*:  
 Shame on his Harp and glittering hide,  
 Yet ne're before to me he ly'd.  
 Tell me then which of all the Gods  
 Thus dipt thee in the Brinie Sudds:  
 Some thin-soul'd Deity, Pox rot him,  
 He pawn my life, some Foot-boy got him.  
 Poor *Palinurus* answer'd, Sir,  
 Ye talk just like a Mad-man, for  
 The *Gazett* never told more truth,  
 Than did the bright *Latonian* Youth.  
 No god drown'd me, the Devil a bit,  
 Only your tongue runs fore your wit.  
 To tell you truth, I know not which  
 Was heaviest, my head or breech:  
 For either head my tayl out-weigh'd,  
 Or else my tayl o're-poiz'd my head:

Though most too blame I head believe ;  
For tayl could ne're ill Counsel give.  
Howe're 'twas, in I dropt I me sure,  
Sleep catching me, as *Moss caught Mare*.  
When I was in, I boldly swumm,  
And but for Fish that nipt my Bum,  
( Although I'de rather been at Steerage )  
I neither lost my hope nor courage.  
At length with many Salt bedablings,  
And some affronts of *Neptune's Crablings*,  
I got ashore, and thought no harm,  
When *Lucan Dogs* about me swarm ;  
And for my Cloaths, not worth a groat,  
With Savage fury cut my throat :  
And then with a *Good night Old Toby*,  
Into the Sea they flung my body.  
Thus came I here, nor better, nor worse ;  
Lay Saddle then on the right Horse.  
Now then by all the Light on Earth,  
By the fair womb that brought thee forth,

e; *Lucans* ere in Corn be found,  
 e sure thou put 'um in the Pound.  
 s for my self, what shall I do?  
 blush to beg, though't be of you;  
 and would I steal, they're poor as *Job*;  
 and had I Gold, I ha' ne're a Fobb.  
 ) Oh pity then my weary bones!  
 You know I was your Pilot once;  
 Though by a fatal one time erring,  
 gs, now neither Fish nor good Red-herring.  
 You burnt *Misennus*, oh burn me,  
 or I am cold as *February*.  
 or if it be, as people dream,  
 hat you are passing Stygian stream,  
 Great Emperor of Living Souls,  
 Take my cold paw in your hot golls.  
 et *Charon* with his Stretcher stretch me;  
 I let go, the Devil fetch me:  
 hat so at length your *Humble Mourner*  
 ay rest in Satans Chimney Corner.

*Aeneas*

*Aeneas* fain would have been civil,  
But --- *Marry Gap*, quo frumping *Sybil*,  
You are too hasty, Gaffer Blow-nose :  
Old Dotard you mistake the way ;  
The way to Hell is not through Sea.  
Because your Captain has got leave  
To pass the *Acherontick* wave,  
( A thing has cost five hundred Marks,  
To Secretaries and their Clarks )  
You think that Fate must change her Laws,  
All in good time, for your cold Paws ?  
Shall *Hero* lose his time and money,  
And all to pleasure such a Ninny ?  
Friend stay your time ; yet this is fair,  
I'll send ye *Irish* Ruggs a pair :  
And this I say, to chear your heart,  
The *Lucans* since, and thank me for't,  
Have wish'd their Stones in a cleft stick,  
When they so rudely broke your neck.  
I sent your Ghost to walk among 'um,

Till

Till they were ready to bedung 'um :  
 And plagu'd 'um with a *Wiltshire Drummer*,  
 Till they were forc'd to scowr and scummer.  
 To pinch their Maids I sent my Fairies ;  
 And made their Pewter dance Canaries.  
 Your Body they shall burn eftsoons,  
 And in a Pipkin put your bones,  
 And bury't in a Stone-horse Mixen,  
 They'd better do't, then anger Vixen )  
 This Mixen they shall wall about,  
 To keep the Hogs from Revel Roût,  
 And plant it round with Sycamores ;  
 And when that's done, the Sons o' Whores  
 Shall call it *Palinurus* Hill ;  
 And then you may go where you will.  
 Good *Palinure* contented thus,  
 Made a low legg, and hand did buss.  
*Eneas* gave him a *French Crown*,  
 And lent him an old *Indian Gown* ;  
 And so they parted as they met.

To

To stream as black as any jett  
At length they came ; for fear of fall,  
*Hero* held fast by Fardingale.  
When *Charon* saw 'um, without flatt'ring,  
Hoarse as a Riggol, Beard bespatt'ring,  
Quo he, What *Don Quixot* comes here  
Where only shades of men appear ?  
What Princok Knight with Sword and  
So boldly dares to Boat advance ? ( Lance,  
What if the mighty *Hercules*,  
That was a man all Aloes,  
What if the mighty *Pirithous*,  
And *Theseus* once did o're-crow us ?  
That fell a hacking with their Backswords,  
Cutting my Iron Chains like Whipcords :  
Yet got they not, with their bravado's,  
Sheer in, without some Bastinado's.  
Fellows more like in Taverns bred,  
Then at the Gods own Tables fed.  
Such rude *Belfwaggers*, all *Pickt-hatch*.

Nor *Bear-garden* did ever match.  
 One, *Cerberus* took by all his Tayls,  
 And knockt his three heads 'gainst the pales.  
 Another, cause he but cry'd *Ur* —  
 Twixt *Pluto's* leggs thwackt the poor Curr.  
 Another hearing *Proserpine*  
 Was in her Chamber Lying-in,  
 And rudely up, breaks down the door,  
 Crying, I'll claw your tayl, ye Whore.  
 But *Proserpine* bestirr'd her claws,  
 And with her Busk so mark'd his jaws,  
 Besides some lustie Crupper kicks,  
 (For she had always her Jades tricks )  
 As quickly cool'd his Martial vigor.  
*Pluto* to me was full of rigor,  
 And bated me a Quarters wages,  
 All for the feats of those *Salvages*.  
 Therefore, Sir Knight, return I say,  
 And seek Adventures where yon may ;  
 By *Pluto* else I'll comb your Coxcomb,

With-

Without an Ivory or a Box-comb.  
Ye mangie, stingie Friar *Bungey*,  
Like testie Sexton on a Sunday,  
Who do you speak to? quo the *Sybil*,  
This Gentleman's a worthy civil  
Well-spoken man, beshrew my heart,  
As e're was wrapt in Holland Shirt:  
He's no Swash-buckler, nor no Ranter,  
Nor drunken *Park of Whetstone* haunter:  
The sweetest Natur'd loving Chuck,  
That ever handled Ladies Smock;  
And therefore t'en't your Copper snout  
Shall keep the Squire *Aeneas* out;  
Nor ne're a Turdy Jack-in-Office,  
The best of y' all, take you good notice,  
*Aeneas* more compos'd in mind,  
Gravely, quo he, my honest Friend,  
If you regard not gentile aspect,  
Nor of my Cloaths the Velvet prospect,  
( And yet I know, that Lace and Garters,

Weigh



Weigh very much with L<sup>d</sup>. Mayors Porters)  
 Good behaviour, good report,  
 Good breeding be not worth a Fart;  
 What think ye of a merry Spanker?  
 Quo *Charon*, then I'll weigh my Anchor.  
 With that the gentle Monsieur shews  
 His *golden Pippins*, and his *Bows*:  
 At sight of which, the driveling Lubber  
 Could nothing else but grin and slabber;  
 With such a force ran Rhumie stream,  
 That you'd a sworn it a Mill-dam.  
 When drivell once would let him speak,  
 He made a bow, made Chine-bone crack;  
 A scrape like Sergeant to a Judge,  
 Would ha' set *Castletons* teeth an edge.  
 May't please your Worship Squire, quo he,  
 So many *Princum Prancks* there be,  
 Pretenders to *Gentility*,  
 While every *Tom*, and every *Dick*,  
 Struts in his Ribbons upon Tick;

That

That, *an't like your Worship*, men of Worsh  
 Like to *your Worships Worships Lordship*,  
 That worship miss, which *an't like your Wo*  
 We else should give to true *Seniorship*.  
 An't please your Worship, I have seen  
 A Taylor like your Worship fine;  
 Now Lord and Taylor swear a like,  
 A like be-rogue us, then we strike;  
 For an't please your Worship, how is't poss  
 Poor Slaves like us, should be so docible  
 To know a Taylor from a Lord, (Sword  
 Same Cloaths, same Lace, same Belt, sam  
 Alas! an't please your Worship, we  
 Have nothing else but the bountie  
 Of men of Worship, such as ye.  
 I hope your Worship will pass by  
 What I have done unmannerly;  
 Your Worship knows that in our places,  
 We cannot well distinguish faces.  
 Then turning to the Croud; quo he,

For take your bawling throats for me,  
 We make this day a Holiday ;  
 We carry not one more I say,  
 Unless the Squire's good Worship, and  
 His Lady Mother, by this hand.  
 All that were in, he then turn'd out,  
 And with a Mopp he wash'd his Boat ;  
 He six-penny Jades and Rogues, quo he,  
 What ! go with Persons of Quality ?  
 Two Cushions then of Taylors thrums,  
 He fetcht to ease their tender Bums ;  
 He set up his Back-board very spruce,  
 And brought out Tilt, for fear of use :  
 For I shall be upon the Fret,  
 Quo he, to see your Worth p wet.  
 Now being seated in the Boat,  
 He lent the Lady his old Coat,  
 Who presently set up her throat ;  
 And reason good, for the thin Wherry  
 Accustom'd only Souls to Ferry,

( Of which ten Millions, th'are so light,  
 Make but a pound, and that *Troy* weight ;  
 Five thousand, say the Criticks quaint,  
 Will stand upon a Needles point : )  
 Now with a brace of Bodies prest,  
 One all in Armour Back and Breast,  
 And Life-guard Boots up to his twist,  
 With *Golden Pippins* pocket full ;  
 The other a fat bossie Trull,  
 Whose Buttocks weigh'd full out a Stone,  
 Setting aside her huge Ache-bone.  
 The Boat I say thus press'd with weight,  
 In twenty places 'gan to split :  
 'Twas time to squeek, for Lady watchet  
 Car'd not for *Styx* so near her Placket.  
*Aeneas* seeing wave so high  
 Of Stygian Ink, began to cry  
 'Slife, we shall drink it by and by.  
 The Ferry titter-totter went,  
 And therefore in a Complement,

He gripes, for fear of tumbling in,  
The Arm-holes of his Swatterkin.  
*Charon* from one in t other extreme,  
In humour still as soft as Cream,  
Quo he, Fear nothing gentle Monsieur,  
My life for yours, both safe anon Sir;  
Twas as he said : For Stygian Lands  
And Stygian Ferry streight shake hands.  
*Eneas* nimbly skipt ashore;  
But the fat lazie *Sybil* whore,  
Whether her feet were wet and cold,  
Or whether 'twere that she was old,  
Or whether *Hero*, now a for  
or joy, his Manners had forgot;  
But how it came it matters not,  
For come it did, and thus it come,  
That she fell down and shew'd her Bum :  
Up flew her Coats, as she fell down,  
(She'd better ha' given half a Crown)  
Displaying pair of Nasty Buttocks,

Yellow as Gold, but black as Pot-hooks.  
 The first was only Asciticious,  
 A certain Treacle, scarce delicious,  
 Bedawbing Fortune-tellers tail,  
 When heart in Boat began to fail.  
 The latter was their natural hue :  
*Æneas* seeing goodly shew,  
 Was press'd to laugh ; but yet for fear  
 To Lady laughter should appear,  
 Held fingers just before his Nose,  
 Like Maids when men Trapstick disclose.  
*Æneas* taught by this disaster  
 All was not Gold that made a glister,  
 The rest, like man of Education,  
 Buried in mental reservation.  
 Hard by, not strew'd with Bawm nor Fennel  
 Was *Cerberus's* nasty Kennel ;  
 This Curr was *Proserpines* Lap-dogg,  
 She comb'd and flea'd his horrid shagg ;  
 Yet seeing chief of *Trojan* Peers,

The Songs he sang were not *Lancers* ;  
 So loud the furious Monster bayes,  
 Hell eccho'd with his fa-la-la's.  
 But Madam, who knew all the flights  
 That Coblers use, when Mad worm bites,  
 By prudent foresight, in a Bottle  
 Had brought a Posset of a pottle,  
 Of Opium made, and Gunpowder,  
 Sweetned with Honey for the Curr.  
 He had no sooner lickt it up,  
 But down he fell in Kennel, swoff. —  
 Quo *Hero*, when that same he saw,  
 Now for the nine points of the Law,  
 I mean possession ; and with that  
 He flew to seize upon the gate.  
 And thus, the Suburbs past, they got  
 Into Hells City by a Plot.  
 For make but an old Bawd your Crony,  
 You'l make the Devil a meer Tony.  
 The first sad sounds their ears salute,

Were Infants cryes that were not mute ;  
 Such as had been, to save expence,  
 Christen'd and Buried both at once,  
 In Privies drowned by the Mother,  
 Who shame to hide, the Children smother,  
 Next there were some in years, confin'd,  
 Whom Justice, or the Judge as blind,  
 Perhaps because he was no Scholar,  
 Had in his Liquor hang'd, or Choler.  
 And all that had been made Anatomies,  
 By Perj'ry brought to say their Litanies :  
 All your vain-glorious Heads of Factions,  
 Plot-wrights, and Weavers of Distractions ;  
 ( Who, cause on Earth so turbulent,  
 To Hell in halters had been sent : )  
 All Heirs of Kingdoms hugger-mugger'd,  
 And private ones by 'xtortion begger'd :  
 To *Minos* they lay ope their breasts,  
 Chief *Master* of the *Devils Requests* ;  
 He takes a note of all their Crimes,

Examines



Examines how they spent their times,  
 Takes their *Petitions* and their money,  
 And all to cleanse his back-side honey :  
 For why, Great Dignity requires  
 Such men as he should wipe with Quires.  
 Many a *Splitter of the Law*,  
*Traytors to Clients*, there he saw.  
 Revenge is sweet, for now the Rats  
 Th'had starv'd before, feed on their guts ;  
 While *Injur'd Client*, their green Baggs  
 Bestirs about their Leathern luggs.  
 Like the Sea-Sands in numerous shoals,  
 Next were discover'd Female Souls ;  
 Such whose insatiate furious Lust  
 All bounds of Modesty had past ;  
 Such as would have their business don,  
 Although the Hen-peckt Fool look'd on ;  
 While Gallants come in Kinsmen's shape  
 The hot Adulterers to jape :  
 Now every one tormented lyes,

Long burning Charcoal 'twixt her thighs ;  
 All forc'd to stir, by Fate's commands,  
 The flaming Dildo's with their hands.  
 Next these a crew of Sullen wights,  
 That only 'cause the Maggot bites,  
 Will needs take Pepper i' the nose  
 'Gainst their own lives; streight *Richard* goes  
 And *Tompson* kills ; he that scarce dares  
 Fight a dead Rat, a living fears.  
 Cheap Bravo for a Boatile Scotch,  
 Shall his own throat, like Tally, notch.  
 'Mong these were seen the muddie frie,  
 So much in Love, they love to die ;  
 That having mis'd the flower of *Bristol*,  
 Nothing will serve but Sword or Pistol :  
 Or wanting stab in stabbing part,  
 Will needs go stab her self to th' heart.  
 Among the crowd of these mad Martyrs  
 Was *Phædra*, hang'd in her own Garters.  
 Fair *Procris* that did sobb and roar

s; For death of swinging Blackamore.  
 Enadne all in Mulligrubbs  
 For her spruce *Ushers* gingombobbs.  
*Asphæ* with broken heart,  
 For a meer Bull's engendring part.  
*Trisphell* that for a Locket,  
 oes had cuckolded the *Grecian Prophet*.  
*Madamia* for a Porter  
 so sad, that nothing cou'd comfort her.  
*Eneus* that had both Sexes try'd,  
 ut now, cause she was neither, cry'd.  
 ow *Virgil* else came to think of her,  
 past my Learning to discover.  
 Among the rest, to *Hero's* grief,  
 : Was *Dido* smelling like Hung-beef:  
 or from the Embers of her nock  
 There issu'd still an ugly smoak.  
*Eneas* would have rather seen  
 . The Devil and his Dam, I ween:  
 ad I, quo he, ten thousand Dunns,

For

I'd

I'd rather met 'um all at once.  
But when he saw no lurking place,  
He summons up his Bräzen face ;  
Madam, quo he, would I were damn'd  
If you don't make me quite aſham'd :  
Yet Faſhion of the world is ſo,  
When turn is ſerv'd, then kiſs my toe ;  
Though when I heard of your miſhap,  
And how you dy'd of ſuch a Clap,  
I ſearch'd my Breeches, ſure quo I,  
*Aeneas*, thou wer't not guilty ;  
For I am ſound as any Roach,  
If you miſdoubt, try t'other touch,  
O then quo I, brim full of woe,  
I'll follow her where e're ſhe go :  
And had I now not lov'd ye well  
Think you I'd e're ha' come to Hell ?  
Only to viſit gentle *Dido*,  
So help me *Jove*, and bright *Cupido*.  
Think you that I ſhall e're forget

The many good meals I have eat?  
 How I in Kitchen rul'd the Roast,  
 And for a Hash but over-fauc'd,  
 Have churn'd the Cook till from his Bum  
 Made the yellow Butter come.  
 At board thus entertain'd, at night,  
 O Heav'ns! what charms did me invite!  
 And think you I'de ha' left my poking  
 To like a Nick-a-poop for nothing?  
 Oh Madam something 'twas no doubt,  
 That winkt when both her eyes were out,  
 By all the Stars, by those above,  
 Many truth on Earth do move,  
 Had not left your sweet Embraces,  
 Had not the Gods, shame take their faces,  
 Carri'd me thence, like man that tarries  
 For fear of Sheriff's Janizaries.  
 They laid their poxt commands upon me,  
 And me be gon, or they'd ne're own me.  
 Did you but know what tears I shed,

The

Re-

Remembring kindness of your Bed ;  
How many nights I spent to frame  
Forc'd Anagrams upon your Name ;  
How many Barks of stately Ashes,  
My Knife has hack'd with Love-sick slashes  
All in remembrance of your thighs,  
You would not say, I tell ye Lyes.  
Whither so fast? stay gentle Dame:  
But *Dido* feeling still the flame,  
Fierce as a Scold to Ale-house come,  
To fetch her drunken Husband home,  
Gave him a look, that through eye-hole  
Pierc'd from his brows quite through his  
Troubled no more at all his moan, (Pole  
Then Magnet Rock, or hard Flint-stone ;  
But making Horns, and letting Fart,  
Away she dings from old Sweet-heart:  
For she had got another Booby,  
*Sychæus* hight, to jerk her Toby.  
*Æneas* glad the storm was over,

Wip'd

Wip'd from his cheeks the slobber slabber ;  
 For though he outwardly did grieve,  
 Yet inwardly he laugh'd in's sleeve :  
 Belshrew my heart, the *Lybian* storm,  
 Quo he, ne're did me half the harm ;  
 For I have sweat and cry'd so much,  
 Me e'en as dry, as Wood call'd *Touch*.  
 From thence he came unto the place,  
 Where muster'd lay the *Martial Race* :  
 Such as make Frays to force young sinner  
 Into a Composition Dinner ;  
 Or urge the Duel, to provoke  
 The promise of a Chamlet Cloak.  
*Captans* and *Majors*, huffing, smoaking,  
 Confounding, damming, drinking, joking ;  
 Ratling the Dice, while thred-bare Sword-man  
 Cryes out, a third man, hei --- a third man.  
 They talk'd of nothing else but slashing,  
 Cutting, hacking, hewing, fwashing :  
 Less was the noise when *Bajazet*

And

And *Tamerlain's* two Armies met.  
 Their very tongues were all Backswords,  
 Their mouths were Canons, Bullets, words  
 'Mong these *Parthenopæus* hight,  
 And *Tydeus* eke, that furious wight;  
*Adrastus* too, that at one blow  
 Cut sixscore *Greeks* heads off arow:  
 Among the rest *Moll Cut-purse* mingled;  
 They lov'd her, 'cause her Pockets gingled  
 Streight he perceives his old acquaintance,  
 Not talking tittle of Repentance,  
 But over their half-pots of Ale  
 Telling this story, and t'other tale.  
*Collonel Glaucus*, Hacker mighty,  
*Sarpedon* buzz'd with *Aqua vite*:  
*Antenor's* Sons, and churlish *Medon*,  
 That if the Drawers vext 'um, flead 'um.  
*Terpsitochus*, and *Polibetes*,  
 Both good at blows, but not for Treaties:  
 A Car-man durst as well be poxt



As shew his face, when they were foxt.  
 Old Priam's Coachman next appear'd,  
 With Livery, Whip, and yard long Beard;  
 For Masters sake, they cry'd, *debauche man*,  
 Quo they, *Love me and love my Coachman*.  
 All these had Helen's tayl sent packing,  
 While they maintain'd her wanton smacking.  
 Captain, quo they, come take a Noggin;  
 But he reply'd, I must be jogging:  
 His tears began to fall like hail,  
 To see the jerks of woman's tail;  
 So many men in such disgrace,  
 And all for a Whores pissing place.  
 At length among the *Greeks* he struts,  
 To save *Agamemnon* and his Trouts;  
 Who hearing such a fearfull racket  
 Made by the *Hero's* Iron Jacket,  
 They fell a staring like Red Deer;  
 The Devils name, quo they, what's here?  
 Heo advances still, but they

Fling

Fling down their Armes, and run away;  
Dead Lions durst not shew their face,  
When living Dogs are in the place.  
They knew how guilty they had been  
Of thrashing his Celestial skin,  
And thought he now would pay their score  
For all his bruises and his soars;  
Or else make them his Bills discharge  
For Surgeons Salves, and Doctors Purge:  
Which they might well expect to be  
Long as a *Spaniards* Pedigree.  
Else why so fearfull, more then others,  
Is that which *Virgil* wholly smothers.  
Streight he espies th' Illustrious  
And high-born Prince *Deiphobus*,  
Clad at the rate, to speak impartially,  
Of the poor Pris'ners in the *Marshalsey*:  
His Nostrils of their flesh bereav'd,  
( And then the cause is soon conceiv'd )  
Shew'd you his Memory's Lodging Chamber,

His

7; His head, that once you might remember  
 For Comeliness exceeded many-a-one,  
 A tawnie bald *St. Omers* Onyon.  
 Nothing but stumps of *Armes* remain'd;  
 His brows with clotted gore bestain'd:  
 And for to shew that for no good  
 He oft had in the Pillory stood,  
 Men from his head had shav'd his Ears,  
 As close as death had shav'd his hairs.  
 Asham'd of these his miseries,  
 He turns his Arse to *Hero's* eyes;  
 Ah dear *Deiphobus*, quo he,  
 What Sons of Whores thus mangled thee?  
 Do they thus pinck in this same place  
 The top of all the *Trojan* Race?  
 Had Car-man dash'd my Linnen cleanly,  
 would have us'd him more serenely.  
 If 'twere the Surgeons roguerie,  
 say who it was, I'll make him flee  
 His Country and his Pedigree.

His

G

I

I thought thee dead, but not so mangled,  
 As they had for thy Members wrangled.  
 I search'd among the slaughter'd rout,  
 But since I could not find thee out,  
 I built for thee an empty Tomb;      (come  
 Call'd thy Ghost thrice, but 'twould not  
 The Monument still bears thy Name,  
 Thy Armes are safe within the same;  
 If use at any time do crave 'um,  
 Send Foot-boy for 'um, you may have 'um  
 Dear Lord and Master, how am I  
 Endebted to your Courtesie;  
 Thus *Deiphobus* did reply:  
 I am assur'd 'twas not your duty  
 T'oblige a man not worth your shoe-tie;  
 But you, alas! a Bed may lye,  
 Your Name is up for Charity.  
 You know how I in a Fegary  
 Must needs that charming Piss-tail marry  
 Why she it was, that Whore my wife

That robb'd me of my fame and life.  
 You'd *Jove*, that trod in shape of Gander  
 The Goose her Mother, Hell confound her,  
 Had had his pate slic'd by some Poulterer;  
 Now Paste would ha' become th'Adulterer!  
 Or had some Spaniel suck'd the Eggs  
 That hatch'd her handsome face and leggs:  
 Had been happy, missing Spouse  
 It only for the damn'd Gal-lows.  
 That that day the Hangman Priest  
 The Nuptial knot had there made fast!  
 For the last night, poor I did snore  
 In the false bosom of the whore,  
 The *Grecian Mare*, without the help  
 Of Midwife, did our ruine \* whelp.  
 This Jade not ign'rant of the Plot,  
 On top of all the House had got;  
 And there pretending great Devotions,  
 With Flambeau, made designed motions;  
 Whereby, like a disloyal Spittle,

\* Poetical  
 licence may  
 excuse the  
 expression.

Hoping to please th' *enraged Wittal*.  
This was not all, but in the Night,  
Pretending how she went to sh — ;  
She takes my Armes and trusty Scymetar  
And hides 'um in the Earths diameter :  
For there they had as good ha' been,  
As not at hand, when Foe came in.  
Then in her Slippers and her Smock  
Down frairs she goes, doors to unlock ;  
While I loud snoaring like a Pigg,  
Weary with humming her black guigg,  
Was streight surpriz'd ; and being surpriz'd  
Disarm'd and naked, hath'd and slic'd  
Just as you see : that scoundrel Bastard  
*Ulysses*, seeing me so master'd,  
Faint-hearted Dog with all his art  
Heart'ning his Hounds to tear my heart :  
Thus I came here, dismembred creature,  
Having no substance, nor yet feature.  
But you whose Armes do both environ,

like Heater hot in Smoothing-iron ;  
 That makes you come so like a Fool,  
 like unbid Guest, without your stool.  
 Go *Hero*, Friend give you an inch,  
 and rudely you an ell will pinch :  
 you are too saucy, not now living,  
 to ask th' affairs of the surviving :  
 say I must tell ye, men alive  
 grow irksom, when inquisitive.  
 Go *Sybil*, weary of his chatting,  
 What will you never leave your prating ?  
 Must I stand waiting here thus weary,  
 to hear your tales of *Canterbury* ?  
 While you with every Shackatory,  
 and holding idle Gossips story ;  
 behold how fast the Sun Carriages,  
 from *Amesbury* to ripple loaches :  
 within this hour in *Plimouth* Bay,  
 I bid good night to Southern Day :  
 for I can tell, that ne're use Watches.

Here you may see, if eyes be matches,  
How the road parts three several wayes;  
Why stands your Grace in such a maze?  
That which the right hand doth discover,  
Directly leads to *Pluto's* Loure;  
T' *Elysium* this the path doth shew,  
Whither, God willing, we must go.  
This last leads to the Common Jayls,  
Foul Caverns made for Criminals,  
Where thousand gluttons back and tayls,  
By rugged Hangmen full of rancour,  
Are scourg'd untill their Buttocks canker.  
At this rebuke poor *Deiphobe*,  
Having receiv'd so dry a bobb,  
Like a young Beggar twice deny'd,  
His tatter'd members went to hide:  
Else, sure as he was void of life,  
*sybil* had pull'd him by the Coife.  
As he was marching, mumbling low,  
Heav'n's prosper ye, where e're ye go,



With better luck then mine, dear Friend,  
 To bring ye to your Journeys end.  
 As *Hero* cast a Sheeps-eye after him,  
 Cursing the Rogues that did so slaughter  
 Behold a Castle large and wide, (him  
 With Adamant Bulwarks fortify'd.  
 In vain the Gods themselves might think,  
 Although in guts a Tun of drink,  
 By pissing all together there,  
 To make a pin-hole in a year.  
 About it Phlegetontick stream,  
 Whose waves are a Sulphureous Cream,  
 That with a horrid roaring rowls,  
 Instead of Sand, o're burning coals.  
 This Castle is so wondrous high,  
 (Now Devil help me with a Lye )  
 That up t' Infernal Roof it marches  
 Twelve hundred thousand million Perches;  
 And would the Verse have giv'n me room,  
 It should have gon beyond the Moon.

Just at the Gate an old Hagg stood,  
 With Dowlafs Smock all over blood :  
 No Porter to a Fav'rite Lord  
 Was ere so fell, upon my word.  
 Whoever comes, she has a Clubb,  
 With which she gives him pockie rubb ;  
 'Tis bad being Knighted with her dubb :  
 For she'l not wear a Porters Gown,  
 For fear of cumb'ring her Batoon,  
 Her Girdle only fit for murder,  
 Like Twist of the *Franciscan* Order ;  
 A certain knottie Cat-a-nine-tails,  
 With which she ferks the poor souls entrails,  
 A strange confusion fill'd the place,  
 ( For *Bolton* bates 'um not an ace )  
 Of cutting, hacking, hewing, slapping, ( ping;  
 Chains ratling, thumping, bumping, strap-  
 Hands-wringing, sobbing, snobbing, howl-  
 Lamenting, shrieking, cater wauling. ( ing;  
*Aneas* stood, so did his hairs,

Having

Having for fear forsook his ears.  
 Quo he, what means this horrid garboyl,  
 That thus my dropping loins doth parboyl?  
 Hast thou here brought me, with a witness,  
 To get my bane by Sweating-sickness?  
 May't please your Honour then, quo she,  
 When my good Mistress *Hecate*  
 In love and kindness eke, so fervent,  
 To me as to her eldest Servant,  
 Of \* Closet, Cellar, and of Pantrie,  
 Made me her trusty Governante  
 Of all my Master *Pluto's* Tacticks,  
 I soon got Theorie, and Practicks.  
 Here Tyrant *Rhadamanthus* reigns,  
 Furnish'd with Scourges, Racks, and Chains:  
*Domitian, Julian, Turk*, nor *Tartar*,  
 Were e're so cruel by a quarter;  
 No common *Dutchmen* in a Hurry  
 Did ever rage with so much fury:  
 For Hangman He, and Judge like them,

\* *Locis pra-*  
*fecit aver-*  
*nis.*

Doth

Doth execute, and then condemn.  
 The Inquisition and *Scotch* Classis,  
 To *Rhadamanthus* are but Asses ;  
 Continually both day and night  
 They hang, and drown, and flea, and slit ;  
 And toast, and roast, and broyl, and boyl,  
 And puff, and huff, and toyl, and moyl :  
 And draw, and saw, and chop, and mince,  
 While Bodies roar, and kick, and wince.  
 From Castle some in Barrels rumble,  
 Re-mounted strait for t'other tumble ;  
 And skins to be re-flea'd, most true,  
 Ere they can whet their knives, renew.  
 The fire with natural fury fumes,  
 It burns, but body ne're consumes ; (mers,  
 When gridled flesh like bright Cole-glim-  
 Like Smiths they thrash it with their Ham-  
 And having sopp'd it in the water, (mers ;  
 Return it back, without a Ha-Cor.  
 Yet lest they should be discontented,  
Tor-

Tormentors are alike tormented.  
More cruel then, than *Whipping Tom*,  
The Jew *Tisiphone* doth come,  
And with a whip of twisted Snakes,  
Of howling Convicts claws the backs;  
The Snakes take hold at every flash,  
And bring away a gobb of flesh.  
Then cruel bands of *Sister Imps*  
She calls, all flat-nos'd, blear-ey'd Pimps;  
That with their Frumps and Alley-gibes,  
More pierce poor Souls than with their  
All this doth *Rhadamanth* behold (stripes.  
With heart, like that of *Mistress*, cold;  
Smoaking the while a whole Patacco  
Of gridled skins, stead of Tobacco.  
The gray *Enchantress* scarce had spoken,  
When, Bounce ---- the Brazen-gates flew  
See there, quo she, i' th' Devils name, (open.  
Those fifty heads that vomit flame.  
Quoth he, that sight I don't admire,

I've

I've seen a *German* vomit fire.

Quoth she, this Beast ycleped *Hydra*,

Of this same Garrison so wide-a

Is th' ever-waking Sentinel;

And so indeed she may be well;

For one head sleeps, while t'other watches,

That there's no 'scaping of her Clutches.

There's *Tartarus*, pray mark it well,

Descending down as deep in Hell,

As 'tis from Hell where *Jove* inhabits;

A hundred thousand thousand Cubits,

Down at the bottom of this pit

*Titanian* Boys their fingers bite;

For these same shatter-brain'd Snap-dragons

Would needs scale Heaven in their flaggons,

So thick and threefold up they go;

But *Jove* had a good friend below,

That prudently so order'd matters,

That with a jerk he turn'd the Ladders.

The two *Alcides*, topping Roysters,

That

That swore they'd make the Gods eat Oy-  
 The shells and all; and cause that they <sup>(sters,</sup>  
 Refus'd such Scoundrels to obey,  
 They in a fury without flattering,  
 Heav'n's orient windows fell a battering,  
 With Stones as big as their own B——,  
 And those, they say, were just like Hillocks.  
 There lyes *Salmonens*, that Bravado,  
 Half Morter-piece and half Granado;  
 With Pease and Beans he cramming guts,  
 And guzzling Bottle-Ale in Fats; <sup>(der;</sup>  
 Loud thundring *Jove* thought to out-thun-  
 But *Jove* with Seed of Coriander,  
 Forcing the wind more fiercely out,  
 At his own weapons beat the Lout.  
 And there the Devil of a sinner,  
 Another Lobcock, just like *Venner*,  
 Hog-Mogen *Tityon* lyes in state,  
 Cqv'ring at once a Knights Estate.  
 Tis an ill wind blows nothing good,

For

For lo a Bird of rav'nous brood ;  
 By the fair Shift upon his breast,  
 Makes a continual Sheriffs fealt :  
 And now the fool finds his Minority  
 Well taught for kicking 'gainst Authority.  
*Ixion* with a scabby Nutt,  
 With *Juno* needs would go to Rutt :  
*Juno* at first was well content,  
 Till finding heat of Excrement ;  
 Traytor to all the Gods, quo she,  
 Had ye no Whore to Clap but me ?  
 With that *Jove* took him by the Navel,  
 And flung him head-long to the Devil.  
 There *Pirithous* lyes, and why ?  
 Because he gave great *Jove* the Lye :  
 In Poud'ring-tub, as in a Vault,  
 All cover'd over with Bay-Salt.  
 There *Tantalus* with small content,  
 Is forc'd to keep perpetual *Lent* :  
 A greedy shameless hungry glutton,

Tor.



Tormented worse than *Rumart Putten*.  
 He robb'd *Jove's* Pear-trees, in his breeches  
 Carrying away his Plumbs and Peaches :  
 And always so be-plagu'd his Pantry,  
 As forc'd him there to set a Centry.  
 At length *Jove* caught him with a trap ;  
 And now he has the sad mishap,  
 Always to see a Table spread, (Bread ;  
 Good Beef, good Wine, good Cheese, good  
 But when he reaches to the Sauce,  
 A huge great Fury raps his paws.  
 Here *Haslerigg* and *Gym* lye close,  
 Just so deluded in their tast,  
 For setting up Seditious Fast.  
 With them in the self-same condition  
 Are Parasites, men of Perdition :  
 Your scraping smell-feasts lye with these,  
 All full of mites as mouldy Cheese :  
 With Sons to Parents disobedient,  
 Lye Stepdames, a most vile Ingredient :

A certain vip'rous Animal,  
 Which if Hell han't, 'twill have 'um all:  
 Many a Country-man of Lot,  
 Ye cannot touch 'um, they're so hot,  
 Much troubled with the Piles, for which  
 With liquid fire they 'noint their breech:  
 There *Thesews* sits, and shall sit there  
 Untill his Arse grow to the Chair:  
 For *Pluto* cares no more for *Thesews*,  
 Than we for Close-stool where we ease us;  
 Now like a Saint there preaches *Phlegins*,  
 His Sermons long, and very tedious:  
 Just such as Country Parsons make,  
 The people, few or none awake.  
*Fear God*, he cryes; 'twas very well:  
 But to what purpose said in Hell?  
 There to make Sermons so Divine,  
 Was but to cast Pearl before Swine.  
 See here, quo he, — what is the matter?  
 A man that would ha' f—— his Daughter:

Nay

Nay if the Tony once confess,  
 Let him be hang'd; that's a plain case.  
 The *Lapithæ* I'd quite forgot,  
 Yet they lye there too piping hot :  
 These were a sort of bold Horse-riders,  
 That hated *Centaur's* just like Spiders;  
 And to say truth, of former times  
 They were the *Guelfs* and *Ghibellines*.  
 With these, in like predicament,  
 All Neighbours lye, that Freys foment;  
 Back-biting Gossips, never well  
 But when they have a tale to tell.  
 Men that make right to left hand skink,  
 Drunk by themselves, for love oth' drink.  
 Litigious Parsons, still in Law  
 For a few Apples, or Tithe-straw.  
 All that in Pulpits sow the Seeds  
 Of tumult, and of broken heads;  
 Among the rest there lyes in fetters,  
 The Chief of *English* Rogues, *Hugh Peters*,  
 Nay H With

With neck awry, and shav'd below,  
 After the *Turkish* mode, I trow.  
 Of later times they ty'd his tongue;  
 For what with Pray'rs and Sermons long,  
 And *Rad'manth's* Tyranny to boot,  
 H' had like to ha' made a heavy rout. (one  
 There headless *Vane*, that ne're did value  
 Lyes belching Discord and Rebellion.  
 Here *Harrison* doth howling keep,  
 That *Rhadamanth* can hardly sleep; (tails  
 Which grim Judge hearing, sends his bob-  
 To comb his tawnie skin with Hob-nails.  
 There *Scot* lyes moping, poisonous Weefels  
 Gnawing his fingers to the gristles;  
 For taking Sermons with short-hand,  
 And all the while his P— would stand.  
 There *Bradshaw* lyes, in a Symarr  
 Of burning Canvass, lin'd with Tarr;  
 With Quartan Ague wyar-drawn,  
 As small as tender thread of Lawn:

For wch they give him draughts of Brimstone,  
 In flaming oyl thick crum'd with Limestone.  
 See ye another lying there?  
 Whose flesh a hundred Furies tear  
 With red-hot Pincers, while the gap  
 With liquid glass is streight fill'd up.  
 His limbs thus ordered, by and by  
 To six wild Horses tails they tye,  
 Which they, his lashes well remembring,  
 Now rend and tear without dissembling;  
 For to say truth, there's scarce an hour  
 But that they shift his pangs so sower:  
 For why, they hold it necessary,  
 His torments like his crimes to vary.  
 This is that Devil of a Devil,  
 Whose Noddle was the Mint of evil,  
 Cromwell himself; Gyants, to him  
 Did but like Rats the Gods contemn;  
 He, hundred-hearted *Briareus*,  
 Did murder *Jove* in his own house:

And then Usurp'd his God-like power.  
Not far from him, the House call'd *Lower*  
Of late intestine Discord-hatchers,  
A race of Saint-appearing Leachers,  
Lye buried in the searing flames  
Of twenty thousand thousand Reams  
Of Ordinances, Votes, and Orders,  
Petitions slighted, Bills for Murders,  
Huge Volumes of *Smeſtymnus*,  
With *Civicus*, *Britannicus*,  
And *Walker's* weekly Legend-stories,  
Pil'd upon heaps of *Directories*.  
Should I relate the horrid Crimes  
All punish'd in these horrid Climes,  
I would ask ten thousand Gossips tongues,  
And twenty thousand Midwives Lungs ;  
A wind so lasting, to out-puff  
Swift *Jemmy*, or the *Croyden* Chuff ;  
Or else to weary thirty score  
Long-winded Parsons, and ten more ;

*John*

*John Lilburn's* bawling Eloquence,  
 An idle Player's diligence,  
 A Canons voice, a Scullers note,  
 And *Buy my quartern o' Gudgeons* throat,  
*sybil* with these Hyperbolies  
 Half tyr'd, quo she, let this suffice  
 Concerning suffering Criminals;  
 And now behold those Iron walls  
 By *sussex* Cyclops rear'd so high:  
 If I can see 'um let me dye,  
 Quo *Hero* then; but she replies,  
 What must I find ye walls, and eyes?  
 Come, come, quo she, give me your hand,  
 Let's hasten to our Journeys end;  
 Take up your heels, and run a bit,  
 With head a mile before your wit.  
 He that in these dark holes of Hell  
 Sees his Nose length, sees very well;  
 But, quoth *Aeneas*, for all that,  
 I wish I had the eyes of Cat,

I mean like thine, for Cat or Witch,  
 Are but the same, like *Jews* or *Dutch*.  
 With that she leads him a dog-trot,  
 Holding him by the you know what,  
 Untill he came to wall so good,  
 Where pot of Holy-water stood.

*Aeneas* wash'd his beard and eyes :  
 And then, where's *Proserpine* ? he cries :  
 I've for her here a dish of Codlins, (lins:  
 Which I have brought through all the Gob-  
 But a bold *Swiss*, with Ale half dizzie,  
 Told him in plain terms, she was busie ;  
 For she had been all night at Gleek,  
 And would not rise to every *Dick*.  
 The *sybil* call'd him sawcy *Jack* ;  
 But *Switzer* bid her kiss his nock :  
 Quo *Hero* then, 'twas here the God  
 Commanded me to leave my load ;  
 And here I'll hang it on a tack :  
 If here it hang when I come back,



I'll carry't home, and then your Princess  
May e'en go hang for want of Quinces.  
This having said, and done his duty  
To the great *Mauritanian* beauty,  
They came to the capacious High-lands,  
That always look like *Summer-Islands*;  
Trees always green, and full of Cherries,  
The Fields all cover'd with Strawberries,  
So luscious; — and then for their growth;  
Just like Pomewaters on my oath.  
Their common bread is Naples-bisket,  
And all may have it, that will ask it:  
For there be no deceitful Bakers,  
Nor no exacting Comfet-makers.  
For Children, Sugar-Plums and Cakes  
Within their reach grow upon Brakes.  
Here no expensive Longing Wives,  
Shall Husbands weary out o' their lives;  
No *this I want*, nor *this I lack*,  
Can bring a Merchant here to break;

For women here have what they please,  
All the year long green Fruit and Pease :  
All clad alike, no differences  
Of richer Poynts, t' intrage their sences ;  
No Taylors fancies, night and morning  
To spoil their Pray'rs, and cause heart-burn.  
Nay I am told, nor can deny it, (ing ;  
As th' only means to keep 'um quiet,  
That Gowns as brave as any are,  
On ev'ry hedge grow common here.  
No Maids for want of Portions tarry,  
But being all handsome, quickly marry :  
Let 'um eat Chalk, or Cinders here,  
'Tis all so good, they're as they were.  
Then what need Prentice rob his Master !  
Lad — do but ask here, and thou hast her.  
Men never purchase Honours here,  
Nor need to lace their Names with *Sir* ;  
Not an Attorney to be seen,  
Neither the *Temples*, nor *Grays-Inne* :

No formal Dunces hither come,  
 With Sermons steep'd in Opium :  
 No Rhumes the Lungs of men invade,  
 Requiring *Pierce*, or *Buckworth's* aid :  
 No plaister'd Posts, nor boasting Quacks,  
 To set your bodies upon racks :  
 No 'strologers with Schems and Tables,  
 And heav'nly *Popes-head-alley* baubles :  
 No Vintner here his Wine debauches  
 With rotten Eggs, and thick Molosses.  
 Their Hedges here are Rosemary  
 And Lawrel-trees, that never dye ;  
 Their Bows are sweetest Eglantine,  
 Or else the always-cluster'd Vine.  
 And in the Dog-dayes, truth to tell,  
 They bath in streams of Muscadell.  
 On backs or bellies all can swim,  
 And dive when e're it pleases them :  
 And if their appetites be sharp, (Carp ;  
 Put but their hands down, there's stew'd  
 No Or

Or else as they their whistles vary,  
(For longer ne're they need to tarry)  
Whole shoals of Salmon ready drest,  
With Trout and Perch streight make a feast  
If Fowl they want, with Bird-calls streight  
(For Nets are out of fashion quite)  
Down come the ready roasted Quails,  
Pheasant and Partridge, Ducks and Teals  
The Bustards shie, their service offer,  
Together with the wary Plover.  
What pleasure they on Earth affected,  
Here they may take it, uncorrected,  
According to their several fancies;  
They that love reading, read Romances:  
They that love wrastring on the Grass,  
Give Girl Green-gown, then clap her Ass  
While others on the Ruddie Sand,  
With Manlier innocence contend.  
Some read the Queen of *Navarr's* Novels,  
While others are for Masques and Revels  
Mai

Maids treat their Sweet-hearts with Sack-pos-  
 Not stollen from their Mistress Closets) (sets,  
 With Damson Tarts, and clouted Cream,  
 While mirth advances wanton Theam :  
 and then to Questions and Commands,  
 and smutting pretty face and hands.  
 They that love eating, eat like Midwives ;  
 They that love drinking, drink like Fish-  
 The Hunter hunts, the Bowler bowls, (wives.  
 The Archer shoots, the Droller drols ;  
 The Singer sings *Tra nony nony*,  
 They neither pleasure want, nor money :  
 in brief, they sing, and dance, and laugh,  
 They sleep, and toy, and feast, and quaff.  
 Nothing but Gaming is forbid,  
 Cause loss of money makes men sad.  
 There *Thracian Orpheus*, so well known,  
 in a long painted Indian-Gown,  
 To his Theorbo's and Guittars,  
 sings *Laver's* and *Ned Colman's* Airs.

There

There fits *Ben Johnson* like a Tetrarch,  
 With *Chaucer*, *Carew*, *Shakespear*, *Petrarch*  
*Fletcher* and *Beaumont*, and *Menander*,  
*Plautus* and *Terence*, (how I wander ? )  
*Horace*, and *Cowley* with his Mistress ;  
 And *d'Amboise* now quite free from distress  
 With *Chapman* spends his merry days.  
 Then *Shirley* brought 'um some new Play  
 And then a while they chew'd the Cud ;  
 Till *D'avenant* in a gen'rous mood  
 Brought 'um whole loads of *Love and Honour*  
 For you must know 'tis not the manner  
 To write new Plays in this same place ;  
 And reason's plain as nose in face ;  
 For why ? there be no Malefactors ;  
 Or should they make 'um, there's no Actors  
 Yet th'are good reading, 'cause they show  
 How still, affairs on Earth do go,  
 Quo *Hero*, what make Poets here  
 That us'd on Earth to drink and swear ?

Quo

no she, good Sir, you are too base,  
 arch to grudge 'um thus a resting-place ;  
 its so Divine, that never *Ilium*  
 many furlongs yet could fellow 'um :  
 therefore though Heav'n may seem too  
 certain Hell is much too bad. (good,  
 where would ye have 'um then, *Tom Tottie* ?  
 Play fides, to shew your humour snottie,  
 who made these stately Fields I pray ?  
 who planted all these Groves but they ?  
 and shall you venture to dispose  
 the sweat and labour of their brows ?  
 soon, *Tom Fool*, and view the Gang  
 from whence your high-born Worship  
 now keeping merrier *Christmasses* (sprang,  
 when Earth could e're afford 'um : these  
 were *Ilus* and *Assaracus*,  
 and *Troys* first founder *Cardanns*,  
 in lac'd Coats of Scarlet Chamlet ;  
 and with them, Prince of *Denmark* *Hamlet*.

Quo Put

But why comes he so out of season?  
 While ye have Rhime, ne're ask the reason  
 There sees the Son of *Venus* bright  
 Their Spears in ground fix'd bolt upright  
 And stately Barbes dispers'd abroad,  
 Cropping the Flowers that Fields do load  
 Embroider'd Saddles to behold,  
 With Bitts and Stirrups all of Gold.  
 Here certain Points and Questions nice  
 About these Horses do arise;  
 Whether these Horses shit or no,  
 What scent, and colour, if they do;  
 Whether each Horse have not a Groom,  
 With Close-stool to receive perfume:  
 Or whether it be no disgrace  
 For Horse to dung *Elysian* grass.  
 For which I shall referr ye well  
 To one, if any one can tell,  
 I mean the learned *Zabarell*.  
 These Horses were for Chariots some,

And



and some to jolt the Riders bum :  
 some only let their horses trot,  
 though stronger backs made 'um curvett ;  
 While Mistrefs looks and much admires  
 her warlike Champion in his geers.  
 There's great St. *George*, as in the Medal,  
 With Dragon, fram'd by art of *Dedal*,  
 made, as soon as *George* comes nigh her,  
 to spit and sputter Squibs of fire.  
 St. *George* he takes a furions course,  
 the Dragon spits, away flies horse,  
 leaving St. *George* upon the Grass ;  
 the sport of many a pretty Lass.  
 Poor *Sabra* ty'd in jeast to tree,  
 begins to doubt her Liberty :  
 but *George* unhors'd will not give out,  
 Which caus'd the Sign, St. *George* a-foot )  
 the Dragon then he comes anon,  
 and with his trusty Blade layes on,  
 till all the Squibs being spent and gone,

Poor

Poor Dragon lyes dead as a stone.  
To *Sabra* then away goes he,  
And Garter which ty'd her to Tree,  
He streightway tyes above her knee.  
The antient men with hairs so white,  
Old stories of their youth repeat;  
But chiefest tales are of their Wenches,  
Paring their nails upon blue Benches.  
Hard by the Banks of pleasant *Poe*, (flow,  
Which through a neighboring Wood doth  
Live such as for their Countries good  
Have lost their fortunes, and their blood;  
Bold *Cato's*, such as would not fear  
To waken drowsie Princes ear,  
Although they made him Treason hear.  
In near adjacent Lawrel thickets,  
All your great Scholars, blithe as Crickets,  
Together live, whose noble parts  
First fill'd the World with useful Arts :  
With many a midling merry Priest,

Not

Not quite so serious as the rest,  
Such as Parishioners lov'd well ;  
Would tope, yet knew their tales to tell ;  
That rather took then offer'd wrong,  
Moral in heart Divine in tongue.  
That ne're could flatter to be great ,  
Contented with a little seat.  
Some Cardinals, and Popes a few,  
That followed all the light they knew :  
Some Monks and Friars , not so furious  
To count all but their own Sect spurious  
Who though not fit in heaven to dwell,  
Are yet too good to live in Hell.  
Most true Historians, that with Lie  
Ne're strove to blind Posterity.  
Quo Hero then, but who are those,  
With meager chops and thread bare cloaths?  
Those are a sort of Dromedaries,  
On Earth yclyped Antiquaries ;  
Who having all their Earthly Terms

Convers't so much with bugs and worms,  
 Liv'd pity'd here, only they wait  
 On those that soard a loftier hight ;  
 With their own books of little use,  
 To wipe the nobler Schollars shooes.  
*Herodotus* though much at ease  
 Attends upon *Thucidides*.  
*Curtius* for flandering *Alexander*,  
 Is *Salust*'s chief *Varlet du Chambre* ;  
 And *Juvins* with his vain Romances,  
*Thuannus*'s *Amanuensis*.  
*Causinus* with his *Holy Court*.  
 Thought to have liv'd in better Port ;  
 But Suttle *Tydor* spoil'd his plots,  
 For daubing so the Queen of *Scots*.  
 And had not *Constantine* been just  
 For his *Encomiums* upon trust,  
 To make him Page of his back-stairs,  
 He might have gone and shak'd his ears.  
 All these of strangers spying brace,

Strangers in habit and in face,  
 Like Bees began to flock about.  
 At length appears among the rout  
 Old Grandfire Greybeard, whose upholders  
 Were a tall Fellows lusty shoulders.  
 This man that lookt like Knight oth' Shire,  
 And brought for their Interpreter,  
 Was hight *Museus*, Courtier much,  
 For your Love writers all are such.  
 Madam, quo he, whom here d'ye peep for,  
 Is he a Lodger, or House-keeper?  
 With Courtesie low, the Witch reply'd,  
 Search for one, that need not hide  
 His head for treason, nor for debt;  
 An Aldermans fellow, if not yet  
 Himself the Alderman of his Ward;  
*Anchises* is his name, great Bard.  
 Where is his house, I pray ye now?  
 Six pence I'll give, for Boy to shew.  
 Old woman, quo the reverend Bard,

You pose one with a question hard ;  
 We have no house, nor household goods,  
 But Tartar-like, live in the woods.  
 The Rivers bank is all our bed ,  
 And verdant me ads with flowers bespread.  
 But you, if heart and will agree,  
 Surmount yon hill, by yonder tree,  
 Then all along a hedge of Roses  
 Directly follow your own Noses:  
 Truly, quoth she, through strange devices  
 Here are we come to see *Anchises* ;  
 Not for his chear, nor yet his wine,  
 Nor for his Apricocks so fine,  
 But for to know what wo or joy  
 Great Fate intends his only Boy,  
 Who having soft place in his pole,  
 Craves wit from Fathers Jobbernole,  
 Then quo *Museus* on my word,  
 If so you please I le make a third  
 To lead ye, where in Saffron Frock

Ye soon shall find out Bully rock,  
To Poet Rampant Hero said,  
I take ye at your word, be dad ;  
And so all three together pace it ;  
First Poet ask'd what says the Gazet ;  
For he was much for Novelties ;  
*Aeneas* told him twenty lies ;  
And when he wanted, pumpt for new,  
Which *Sybil* all averr'd for true.  
While Hero thus did Poet drill,  
At length they reach the top of Hill ;  
The prospect that it shew'd the eye  
Through a serene unclouded Skie,  
So large and full of spicie wealth,  
As made *Aeneas* bless himself ;  
Then Quoth *Musæus*, there's your way,  
These are the bounds I must obey.  
Quo Hero then, I oft have seen  
In place like this, on Earth, an Inn,  
If such were here we would not part

With dry lips thus beshrew my heart.  
*Musæus* gone they stare about  
 To try what staring could find out :  
 At length as far as eye could see  
 They saw *Anchises* by a tree ;  
 For soon they find him by the sight  
 Of locks so long and eke so white.  
 He there was making muster-roles  
 Of several troops of new coyn'd Soules ;  
 That the next post were to be sent  
 Each one to their Apartment.  
 Some he design'd for Earls and Lords,  
 Some to be stifled streight in T —  
 Some to be Leaders of great Armies,  
 And some for *Lazarill's de Tormes* ;  
 He bookt their several Fates and ends,  
 With silver pen and fingers ends ;  
 First teachin'g them their several Lessons,  
 On Earth to manage their Professions.  
 As soon as he beheld his Son,

With



With voice as loud as Red-coates' gun,  
 And both his Arms a kimbo plac't,  
 Quo he, Long look't for's come at last.  
 With that his voice dropt from his teeth,  
 And tears rode post to beard beneath:  
 Recovering speech, ah, my Dear Son,  
 That has so many Risco's run,  
 Alas I ne're had hope to see thee.  
 Eut that I well knew who was wi'thee;  
 Thy good old Friend *Diffimulation*,  
 And pious shew of feign'd *Devotion*.  
 Well fare a Father, such as me;  
 Was ever Son bred up like thee?  
 I've taught thee first to cheat the Devils,  
 What next will Mortals be but trifles?  
 I knew, if thou wert wise and wary,  
 That my advice could ne're miscarry;  
 Though not so sure, Son, understand,  
 As now I have thee in my hand.  
 I fear'd lest with a *Carthage* Bitch,

Thou wouldst ha'made a rotten Match;  
At that same time a hundred times  
I curs'd thee in good prose not rhimes;  
Pox take my Son, Son of a whore,  
Pardon the expression I implore.  
Thou know'st 'tis givent'our Family  
Sometimes to curse as well as cry.  
Then come my Son, thy Dad embrace;  
Come kiss the middle of my face.  
Lets weep together for a wager;  
*Anchises* cheeks that were so meager;  
Like Fish-ponds streight did over-flow;  
*Aneas* seeing him do so,  
Wept on till he could weep no more;  
That had it been a planked floor,  
Th'had both stood ankle deep in tears.  
Oh, quoth *Aneas*, tearing hairs,  
Oh how I joy to see those chops,  
The lovely cause of all these drops!  
His cheeks, who from my small infancy,

Till

Till I was fit for Necromancy,  
 Not like a surly Pedagogue,  
 Whipping me like a Bridewel rogue,  
 But taught me more then verbs and nouns,  
 With words more sweet then Mackaroones;  
 What act of valour have I done,  
 In passing *Styx* or *Acheron*?  
 A Coward arm'd with duty would  
 Have forc'd, where I but brib'd the flood;  
 'Twas duty brought me here, dear Father,  
 And rather than have fail'd I had rather  
 Hell had fall'n down upon my pate.  
 And squeez'd me like a Pancake flat,  
 But as I am your Son and Friend,  
 I pray dispatch me out of hand.  
 My Navy lies at six and sevens  
 The Souldiers hungry all as Ravens,  
 And dare not stir a foot for vittles,  
 For fear of cut-throat Latine Spittles;  
 And if I don't return with speed

They

They'l think me gone to the Devil indeed,  
Methinks I hear 'um curse already,  
Without respect to Mam or Daddy,  
Calling me Bastard, you great Fool;  
This said, with beard like any pool,  
Three times he strove to embrace *Anchise*  
And every time, that's thrice, he misses,  
Hands off, quo he, as sowre as verjuice,  
I'm but a shadow at thy service,  
In vain thou thinkst thy Dad to dandle;  
For ther's no man can shadows handle.  
Hero confus'd at this rebuke,  
For grief at first was like to puke,  
But presently took heart a grace,  
Quo he, Dear Father, what you please:  
Down in a Valley's bottom stood  
Fann'd by the wind, a mighty wood;  
Hard by whose placid Mansion's ran  
A River, that will make a man  
Take but a Sup, I know not how,

As drunk as ever *Dauids* Sow.  
 'Tis all a perfect *Aqua vite*,  
 But forty thousand times more mighty.  
 About it stood a vengeance press  
 Of people more than numberless,  
 Have ye e're seen a swarm of Bees  
 In a wild field of blossom'd Pease,  
 Some sucking flow'rs, some on the wing,  
 While all at busie labour sing?  
 Just so about *Lethæan* floud,  
 Those Souls in Sea-sand numbers stood,  
 They that but drunk a brandy cup,  
 Their heads fell down, their heels flew up;  
 Their memory lost, like drunken Sots,  
 Not to be mov'd out of Cart-ruts.  
 And yet so eager was their thirst,  
 That each one strove who should drink first;  
 At *Tunbridge* such their crowding is,  
 For water for to make ye piss.  
*Æneas* in a peck of troubles

Began

Began to twinckle with his goggles.  
*Anchises*, who was in his life,  
As futtle as a Cuckolds wife,  
His meaning by his mumping knew :  
Quoth he the Souls that there you view,  
Are Souls whom Fate, to *Plato* kind ,  
With other bodies doth befriend.  
Rather then one so much her Minion  
Should lose the crack of his opinion.  
And therefore here, o're head and ears  
They cleanse their Tripes from all the cares  
Which they in former bodies had,  
And all the pranks, that then they play'd,  
That so all former crimes forgot,  
Like Souls new vampt, sans stain or blot,  
They may return to second Lot,  
May 't please your Grace with all submission  
These Souls are Souls of no discretion;  
Or else bewitch'd with mortal day,  
To leave so near to heav'n the way,

To

To seek new sorrows upon Earth,  
 That nothing else indeed brings forth,  
 It is a vain stupidity,  
 Or else, Dear Father, is't a lie?  
 To question of ungracious Child,  
*Anchises* shew'd himself more mild.  
 Quoth he, ye simple Doterel,  
 Speak like a Clerk or not at all;  
 But you profound *Terrestrians*  
 Believe that all your Geese are Swans.  
 When all your babling idle Stories  
 Are but the talk of Potheccaries.  
 Hero abashed at Fathers taunting,  
 Pull'd in his horns without more vaunting.  
 Then like an Orator, *Anchises*;  
 Cuttly unfolded strange devices;  
 Quo he, Dame Nature is a woman;  
 That breeds beholding unto no man:  
 From womb of this Hermophradite  
 Did all these children come to light,

The

The Sun and Moon, the Stars, the Earth  
 The Woods and Ocean, and so forth;  
 Now Nature, that gives such to all,  
 And feeds the Universal Ball,  
 To speak, like *Virtuoso*, smartly  
 Is *tot in tot, & tot in qualibet parte*.  
 And Man is but a Lanthorn bright,  
 Where Natures candle giveth light,  
 This candle thus in Lanthorn put,  
 Sometimes shines clear, and sometimes not:  
 If Lanthorns horns be clear and thin,  
 Then candle is more plainly seen;  
 But if the Lanthorns horns be thick,  
 This candle then burns not so quick.  
 When candle burns with a quick fire,  
 From thence comes joy and brisk desire.  
 But when it burns a t'other fashion,  
 Thence grief, and fear, and other passion;  
 But when this candle quite goes out,  
 Then Life extinguishes to boot.

This



his candle now, which is the Soul,  
 a Lanthorn ſhut grows thick and foul,  
 With it's own ſoot and filthy ſteam,  
 not being waſh'd in Brimſtone ſteam,  
 and ſok d a thouſand years in ſulphur,  
 all the while ſcalding for Soules welfare,  
 length it gains its orient luſtre;  
 then after ſuch a tedious cluster  
 of thick tormenting fryings, boilings,  
 not: erce ſcaldings, roſtings, gridlings, broilings  
 all in good time they are admitted  
 to take their eaſe being thus reſitted,  
 theſe Elyſian Fields; much more  
 to their contentment, then before.  
 to perfect all, here they come down,  
 and all their former ſorrows drown;  
 the memory of death and hell,  
 is found again, as fiſh or bell.  
 after qualmes men drink Strong-water  
 and pains forget in ſhort while after:

his

A

A pleasant story by this light,  
 Then quo the Son of *Venus* bright,  
 Now let me hang up for a sign,  
 If from the sixth or seventh line,  
 (Or if you please to call it verse)  
 I understand more then a horse.  
 The rest were *Behmens Theologica*,  
 Or *Anthrosopphia Magica*.  
 Either my Father speaks obscure,  
 Or I am a damn'd Dunce, that's sure  
 Quo he, what matters that, ye Kitling,  
 If you don't know then leave your twatling;  
 I thought to have made a learned Speech,  
 And shewn your learning to your Witch,  
 By reparty's of Approbation;  
 And you to talk besides the Cushion!  
 Now what d'ye think, she'l make report on?  
 But that your breeding was Hogs-Norton.  
 As thus *Anc'ises* still walk'd on,  
 Maundring and jeering at his Son,

They

They found themselves, as in a cloud,  
 Wrapt in the middle of the croud,  
 Of them that drank and went away.  
 Ne're calling what there was to pay.  
 There on a hillock sate *Anchises*,  
 Like Pedagogue that buttock slices;  
 There as he sate upon a hillock,  
 Now son, quo he, of bad and ill luck  
 I'll tell thee all that shall befall thee;  
 Now then, as if I were to maul thee,  
 With ferula, hold forth thy hand:  
 For Palmistry is my great freind,  
 But ere I look upon thy hand  
 By *Venus* mount to understand,  
 Cast your sheep's eyes on yonder lad  
 In coat of yellow flannel clad,  
 Mounted upon a Hobby horse;  
 That Youth, to shorten my discourse,  
 Is thy own Son, whom thou shalt get  
 With so much fury, so much sweat,

K

That

That thou shalt dye with *Rem in re*.  
 From whom, as branches from a tree,  
 Shall spring Albanian Progenie.  
 His mother being shepherds daughter  
 Shall call him *Silvius*, who soon after  
 His guts with melons over loading  
 Shall quickly give the Crow a pudding.  
 There's *Cappys* Vex him, and he'll flap ye,  
 Brim-full of metal, but unhappy.  
 He both a Coyner and a theife  
 At Tyborn young, shall end his life.  
 Behold next him the Valiant *Procas*  
 At cards and dice a very *Hocus*,  
 But some body shall spoil his marriage,  
 By putting rats bane in His porridge.  
 And there stout *Numitor* behold  
 Who shall be worth his weight in Gold.  
 Next him another doubtie Wight  
 Brave *Silvius Æneas* hight,  
 He, a true chip of the old block,

Like

Like thee', much given to the smock.  
 As horse in Cart, with gentle pace,  
 One goes and t'other takes his place,  
 So shall this team of Kings in Course  
 Succeed to thee their grand forchorse.  
 All from thy Codpeice, in a row,  
 Coming a chicken a traintrow;  
 And though somewhat to mothers pains,  
 They shall be born with Crowns and Chains.  
 They shall build townes and Cities many  
 Momentum and the faire *Fidene*  
 Drawing to them a Crew of rogues  
 With Cumin seed and roasted doggs.  
 'Twas easie then to people Town,  
 Ere men were tamely ty'd to one, (ing,  
 Constrain'd to plow where need's no plow-  
 And sow where crop's already growing .  
 There cut and dry'd a soul remains  
 Lifting a tipto twixt the scenes;  
 When Fate and time will call her forth

To act King *Romulus* on Earth  
 He certainly shall be no fool,  
 Bred up in learned Vaulting School ;  
 Begot by *Mars* under a hedge ;  
 His life shall be a strange hodge podge  
 Of very good and very ill,  
 He shall build *Rome* and 's Brother kill,  
 Behold how in his cap he wears  
 Two Capons tails, by Father *Mars*,  
 As th' Emblems of distinction giv'n ;  
 To man so much belov'd of heav'n.  
 This whimsical King descended thus  
 By Mother from *Affarachus*,  
 Brave Trojan he, ( and now dear Brat,  
 I hope thou 'gin'st to smell a Rat, )  
 Shall wall in *Rome*, the worlds great wonder,  
 Twice well preserv'd by Geese and Thunders ;  
 Destin'd to Empire Sea and Land,  
 And when she can no more command  
 The outward body, shall controul

The inward part of man, his Soul.  
 To this great Luck ſhall much conduce,  
 Th'engendring tool of *Romulus* ;  
 So numerous ſhall be the Race  
 Proceeding from his piſſing-place.  
 Like *Berecinthia* in the Fable,  
 As formal and as venerable,  
 As *Laons* Byſhop, or Prelate  
 Pretending to a Cardinals hat.  
 Have you e're ſeen, or if you e're did,  
 For my part, I am ſure I ne're did,  
 How proudly through the Phrygian Streets,  
 Her *Flanders*-Lyon teem curvets?  
 While ſhe with Steeple-crowned hat,  
 In Cart, on ſack of beanſhels, ſate,?  
 With wither'd arms a Kimbo plac't  
 On fardingale of aged waſte?  
 And all to ſhew how good ſh'had bin,  
 In her young dayes at in and In  
 The mother of a hundred brothers,

And each one got by twenty fathers?  
 Oh Happy Pair, had long taile-Roman  
 Met Calve skin Breech of Phrygian woman:  
 From his great haunches shall proceed  
 The Brave *Iulus* conquering seed;  
 Not flatter'd *Cæsar*, we defie him,  
 Let *Virgil* praise him that got by him:  
 For though men flatter living Princes;  
 They flatter dead, that want their senses.  
 Wer't not in drollery, we knew how,  
 But there's no subject for us Now.  
 Well quo *Anchises* wee will put  
 In *Cæsars* Rome Great *Bajazet*:  
 Or if his Name be *Amurath*,  
 It matters not a Tilers lath,  
 He lives: and now I think on't, boy,  
 Lives either in, or close to *Troy*.  
 Or rather *Constantine* the Great,  
 Who first advanc'd the Papal Seat,  
 For though the man be in death's bowre,

Yet



Yet we may praise his living Power,  
 He though no *Trojan*, born how ere  
 Where race of *Trojans* seated were,  
 Restor'd to Rome the golden Ages,  
 Enriching Popes, then poor as Pages  
 But hey—my boy, I have him now;  
 Lyes closer layd the better show:  
 With my foules eyes methinks I see  
 Great Antichrist, chief of the Three, (ther  
 He, whore, or whores bird chuse you whe-  
 Some say he's both, some say he's neither,  
 Romes Power shall far and near extend  
*Indus* and *Garamas* beyond;  
 The Caspian Seas, *Maotis* Lake  
 Dread the fierce noise his bulls there make.  
 There is a land, beyond the starrs  
 Without the reach of Sun, or Years;  
 That's where we are, in Purgatory,  
 So great is here the Powerful hurrie  
 Of this Ecclesiastick *cesar*

That

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 Enriching Popes, then poor as Pages  
 But hey—my boy, I have him now;  
 Lyes cloſer layd the better ſhow:  
 With my ſoules eyes methinks I ſee  
 Great Antichriſt, chief of the Three, (ther  
 He, whore, or whores bird chuſe you whe-  
 ſome ſay he's both, ſome ſay he's neither,  
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 So great is here the Powerful hurrie  
 Of this Eccleſiaſtick *Caſar*

That

That he commands our lives and treasure  
 For ev'ry one here ev'ry minute  
 For his Church musick pays him tribute,  
 Never *Alcides* with his Club,  
 That great Terestriall *Belzebub*,  
 Although the wind pipe once he split  
 Of monstrous Hart with brazen feet;  
 Though out of Arsehole once he tore  
 The Guts of *Erymanthian* Boar,  
 Or though he peirc'd with fatal arrow  
*Lernean* Dragons back-bone marrow,  
 So many Earthly Gods or Princes  
 Orecame with his soul nipping pinches;  
 Great *Bacchus* force, who thick as hopps  
 Drove Tygars down from *Nysa's* tops,  
 And then made such a stir in *Ægypt*  
 To his great Power was but a flea-bit.  
 He that lookes there so like a bard,  
 With Cap like yeo-man of the Guard,  
 Is *Numa* hight, first Roman He

That

That to the Gods did bend his knee,  
He seeing all his Roman Brethren  
To be a crew of perfect Heathen :  
Reform, quo he, reform ye Varlets,  
I'll find ye Laws, and *Bowdye* Scarlets.  
And for your duty to the Gods,  
I'll help ye too out of the sudd.  
And then shall he, half King half Mustie,  
Compile Religion, rustie, tustie :  
Of prettie tables thirty pound  
In sweet *Natales Comes* found :  
Of formes a handfull for varietie,  
Pict from old *Practises* of Pietie.  
Five ounces of th' Assemblies Catechisme,  
With twenty Drams of *Fox*-Phanaticisme.  
Of prayers a bagful from *Trithemius*,  
For other things not so abstemius  
But he can pick up Ceremony  
As bees from any weeds get hony.  
You'd swear that for his *Flamin* Rabble  
He

He had rak'd hell and scumm'd the Devil  
*Cocinus*, *Arrius*, and *Pelagius*,  
*Luther* and *Calvin*, *Simon Magus*,  
*Felmen* and *Sedgwick*, *Nye* and *Sterry*;  
(What think ye of his Consistory)  
Each one of these shall add a Whimsey  
To hodge podge up religious frenzy.  
*Tullus* succeeds not halfe so Antick  
But he shall fight as he were frantick  
And next to him old father *Ancus*  
Who for remembring him may thank us,  
Just such another Thunder—bones  
As *Warwick Guy*, or Captain *Jones*.  
See *Tarquin* here, that son of a punck  
As lecherous as an Old Monk,  
By him stands *Brute* that made him pay  
So deadly dear for his horse-play,  
Quo he Kings are imperious Asses,  
Let Consuls now usurp the *Fasces*.  
He fatal axe, first Roman Consul,

With

With his one Childrens necks did handsel  
 Though too severe to kill the Ladds,  
 That might ha' whipt 'em with his Rods.  
 He with his beard like Roman T,  
*Torquatus* in due time shall be  
 There goes *Camillus* ; that man's safe  
 That ne're comes near his quarter staffe,  
 There be the *Drusi* and the *Curii*,  
 Never provoke 'em, I Conjure ye.  
 Those two ye see look one at to'ther,  
 Just'as if one would eat the other.  
 What are they pray Sir? why the one  
 Son's father, t' other fathers son.  
 Here freinds, they neither brawle nor fight,  
 Bound with the ponderous chains of Night,  
 But when they come to have their swinge,  
 O heavens ! I tremble at the change.  
 Upon a Plain, what Plain no matter, (ter)  
 What havock shall they make, what slaugh-  
 While Son to murder father seeks,

And

And Father son to chop like Leeks.  
 Ungracious birds for olive Branch,  
 To ransack thus your Countrys Paunch:  
 Upon the Hills of *Monaco*  
 How Eccho swore (for well you know,  
 She stil must do what others do,  
 So while they swore she must swear too)  
 When Son was hunting fathers Mansion  
 To ask him blessing with his trunchion.  
 Anough anough, well boxt, well boxt  
 Put up your whinyards and be poxt;  
 Twere better on my reputation,  
 To put your strife to arbitration;  
 Where shoulder a mutton and a Capon.  
 Shall terminate the rage of weapon:  
 There with a wart upon his Toy,  
 Stands, He that *Corinth* shall destroy.  
 That other of *Achilles* tomb,  
 Shall make a seat for naked Bumm;  
 Where after ages shall snitt custard,



On Reliques offair *Thetis* Bastard.  
A hogstie shall he make of *Argos*,  
First having ravish'd all their *Virgo's*,  
Where *Agamemnon* layd his *Psyche*,  
There shall he lay a T--- ant like ye,  
Ore Conquer'd *Greece* demanding reason,  
For *Ilium* destroy'd by treason.  
Ther's *Cato* an ill-natur'd Droll,  
With second *Amadis de gaul*  
Grim *Coffus* : There on *Gracchus* look ye,  
Just such another Clown as *Okey*:  
The *Scipio's* both, all tow and tinder,  
That flying men's houses out at windor.  
Next him with breath so strong of garlick,  
Appears *Fabricius* the warlick :  
Old *Fabius*, fir nam'd wink-and shite,  
Who never bark't till he could bite.  
Besides a thousand more at least,  
*Quos nunc perscribere longum est* :  
All sprung from loyns of mine or yours,

Neirher

Or kidneys of our Ancestors.—

The rest are Souls of other men,

Neither to me nor you a kin.

In th' Art of Physick some excelling,

For reading some, and some for spelling ;

Some in the Law for drawing Leases,

And some for painting Chimney-pieces.

Some to write Hist'ries, some Romances ;

Some to dress fish, some to fry tansies.

Some to peepe Walnuts, some for marriage,

Some to make *Alexander* porridge.

*Anchises* here began to pause ;

For he had tir'd his aged jaws.

But soon refresh'd with *Aqua vite*,

He thus resum'd his idle ditty.

See there *Marcellus* with a pack

Of *Punic* trophies at his back:

Lac'd scarlet breeches, new buffe coats,

Portmantles full of *Harry* groates ;

With silver spurs, embroidered hats,

*Hol*

Holland half-shirts, Holland Cravats,  
Which they that bought of Linnen-draper,  
Ne're meant for such a Whipper-snapper.  
He, though a Logger-headed Booby,  
Shall firk Great *Hannibals* blind Toby,  
And *Gauls*, as big as Gyants, cut  
As small as Pot-herbs to the Pot.  
While thus *Anchises* talkt of *Twanker*,  
*Eneas* spies a sweet-fac't Younker;  
The prettiest Moppet, Heav'n's to bless it,  
As ever Nurses Lap bepiss'd.  
With Drum and Spear of gilded Lattin,  
And forty knots on Bonnet Sattin.  
Quoth *Venus* Son, what dandling Elf  
Is that so like my pretty self,  
When first my breeches I befritter'd,  
Or in plain English first besquitter'd,  
With ruddy Cheeks, like a Queen-apple,  
Though sorrow clouds his face of Maple?  
What ails the pretty Child towhimper,

Hol

Like

Like pupie dog shut up in hamper  
 Is it *Narcissus* or *Adonis*?  
 What means that croud of blubring Toni  
 With Sarsnet scarfs so cleanly drest,  
 Holding up pall of *Mortuus est*:  
*Anchyses* then, dear darling brat,  
 Why should'st thou wake a sleeping Cat?  
 Why should I tel ye tale of tubbs,  
 To make ye have the Muligrubs.  
 That stripling nere to be forgotten,  
 Like Cattern Pear, soon ripe soon rotten;  
 Is one that Fate shall only deigne,  
 To shew and take away againe:  
 A jewel sure if any thing,  
 For why? he was the Devils gold ring.  
 First give a thing and take a thing.  
 Had he but liv'd and had his health,  
 H' had been I know not what my self:  
 But falling down so falling star-like,  
 So dy'd their hopes with poor Peel-garlick.  
 With

With him they'r ready to expire,  
 Seeing their fat now in the fire :  
 Had he not reason then to look,  
 Like boy, that's kept too long at's book,  
 Or puppie that has stole a pudding,  
 For by his death he lost a wedding ;  
 Quo Son of great *Anchises*, Hoy-da  
 Here's a long tale of shitten arse boy-da,  
 I wonder, by my Mother *Venus*,  
 You should be such a *Nicodemus* :  
 To keep me here with twittle twattles,  
 In praise of Hobby horse and rattles.  
 Quo Father 'twas our zeal that thrust us,  
 To praise th' adopted of *Augustus* ;  
 Quo Son, then good-man head of beetles  
 It seems y' are only *Virgils* wheedles :  
 Son Quo *Achises*, Poets who are  
 Most comonly like flead Rats poor  
 Shame on the age that lets'em live,  
 Only on what your great men give ;

And therefore wisely tongue—Cut purses  
 They nip your bungs for coyn, with verses,  
 Forc'd with illustrious prattle prittle  
 To praise great things though ne're so little ;  
 This said, *Anchises* bows his face,  
 As Country Vicar bow's to's Grace.  
 So after speech all crum'd with knowledge  
 To King Scrapes Master of a Colledge ;  
*Aeneas* bred among the Gods,  
 Return'd him twenty A-la-modes :  
 While *Sybil* that had liv'd at *Hackney*,  
 With Mid-wife-*Dopps* had broke her back  
 (nigh.  
 Then quo *Anchises* give me now,  
 My Darling dear, thy hand offow:  
 I'll open all thy good or bad-luck,  
 With key of Chiromancy padlock :  
 Then Paw stretch'd out, quo cunning Gipsie,  
 In mount of *S.I.*, a C my sheeps eye,  
 Gravely discerns, Son, thou sha't feel,  
 Much hurt by iron or by steel.

In *Venus* Mount I spie a C,

Ah Son, woe worth thee now for me,

These C's these C's take heed my Son, *Hony*

These C's has many a man undone.

*foyt qui  
maly  
pense*

For in this mount a C denotes,

The Love of Common Petticotes:

Thy Lines of handwrist red and pure,

Toward Mount *Luna* signe are sure:

Of Great success in martial sports,

Icleped winning female forts.

Now seeing signes that gave him trouble,

Quo Son, good Sir why shake you noddle?

Quo he each crosse that here appears,

Is each a drunken fall down stairs:

The signe of Gridiron on this place,

Shews you shall lose your very Arse.

But man is fraile therefore I charge ye

As soon as ye get home to purge ye:

Then on a Saturday at night,

At ten a clock the Angel hight,

Fair *Tarquel* look for his advice,  
 Will teach thee how to cogg thy dice.  
 And every Thursday at nine a clock,  
 The spirit *Camael* in'voake:  
 He's Major General of a Legion,  
 Towards the Southern fiery Region  
 And (as say Sons of *Mecubal*)  
 A sort of Rascalls Mystical,  
 Rules figures of the Airie *Trigon*,  
 Mark, my dear Son, for I am high flown  
 Which to say truth shew in a word,  
 Success both of thy tool and Sword;  
*Conjunctio Puer, Latus Albus,* For you Must  
know *Turris* had  
an impediment in  
his speech  
*Puella Populus ferrum Balbus.*  
 Conjunction, Boys, mirth, silver white,  
 Make Girls and men, scare *Turris* quite.  
 Now Demagogue of *Trojan* Nation,  
 A way-bit use of Exhortation:  
 Is it so then that thou my Son  
 Ar't like to be *Romes* Corner-stone,

That



That from thy Loynes, as from a fountain  
 Must flow what ere my speech doth contains  
 Then thou like Surgeon rule thy people,  
 Cut of proud flesh, but spare the feeble.  
 That all thy actions may run bias,  
 Be sure hold fast the name of *Pius* :  
 They that foundations lay of Empire,  
 As well as swear must sometimes whimper  
 Thy Ancestors examples cherish,  
 Chief men of worship in their Parish :  
 Though they were Cuckolds what of that,  
 'Tis many an honest mans hard fate.  
 Neglect not business for thy pleasure,  
 But game and wench when thou hast leisure  
 But above all (observe a block-head)  
 My Son keep money in thy Pocket.  
 For that will make thy people Sing,  
 God prosper long our Noble King.  
 Thus Sermon ended, they depart,  
 But here behold a Poets art ;

Her's witch and man in Hell lockt in;  
 But how to get'em out agen.  
 Hang him that has no shifts; you'll say,  
 Hang *Virgil* then, but I say nay;  
 For he has got a shift or twain,  
 Two gates there be that appertain  
 To sleep; quo he, the one of horn,  
 (*Salmacius* say's by Cuckolds worne) (bers  
 Through w<sup>ch</sup> false dreams pass in great num-  
 To trouble Coxcombs idle slumbers.  
 Throught' other made of shining ivory,  
 Those issue forth that wear truths livery;  
 Through one of the back doors of Hell,  
 I mean the latter, *Virgil* well:  
 As maid at night lets sweet-heart forth,  
 Sends back his Champion up to earth,  
 For my part I beleeeve him rather,  
 Then contradict so grave an Author.  
 Though captious critic hence would swear,  
 'Twas all a dream that went before,

*Aneas* having his discharge,  
Like man from Counter set at large :  
Nere look't be'hind but nimbly trips,  
To visit Rake-shames and their ships.  
When they beheld his orient chapp's,  
They hollow'd and flung up their caps :  
But he cry'd, peace ye cursed dunder-heads  
Have I left one hell, to find hundreds.  
To *Sybel* then for all her trouble,  
Most like a Prince he gave Rose-Noble :  
Then seeing all things in good order,  
Did as i'th' next book you'l hear farther.

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F I N I S.

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